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[by George Fracker]

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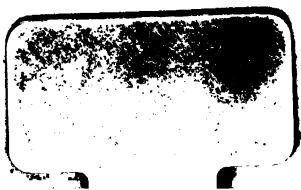
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[by George Fracker]

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Samuel Johnson 1868

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**Voyage to South America,**  
**WITH**  
**AN ACCOUNT OF A SHIPWRECK**  
**IN**  
**THE RIVER LA PLATA,**  
**IN**  
**THE YEAR 1817.**

**By the Sole Survivor.**

**BOSTON:**  
**PRINTED BY INGRAHAM AND HEWES.**

.....  
**1826.**





## **PREFACE.**

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**THE** haste in which the former edition of this little journal was written and sent to the press, produced several errors and omissions, which, in this, I have endeavored to correct and supply; adding, also, a short account of the situation, population and customs of those places mentioned in the narrative.

No spectacle on earth, perhaps, which the eye of man can witness, is fraught with so much interest, sublimity and terror, and no situation is so awful and appalling, as a midnight shipwreck at sea. In my youth, I read, with unsatiated avidity, the voyages and disasters of the adventurous seaman, and I believe the desire for such information is planted in every human heart.

The remarkable event of one only sur-

viving, in a total shipwreck, naturally awakens a curiosity to learn the particulars, and by what extra chances he alone fortunately reached the shore. The following is a tale of this complexion,

‘Torn from the bosom of the raging sea.’

A few words in its defence are now necessary. Several persons have indirectly expressed their disbelief, totally or in part, of the events I have related, and have probably been so induced, from a few strained expressions which occur in the relation. These should have been overlooked in a tale which should have been penned with

‘Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.’

That a ship of the name and description mentioned in these pages, sailed from such port, at such time, with such a company, and freighted with such a cargo, as I have described; that said ship never reached her port of destination; and that some time afterwards, the wreck

of a large vessel was discovered on the shores of the La Plata; are facts which no one, I presume, will deny, for they can be easily and readily proved. If thus far is admitted, what remains to doubt?

It is the events, then, related in the interim, in which I was ultimately, and for some days, sole actor, which savors of the marvellous. But is it so incredible, that in a storm where twenty two perished in a short time and in a fearful manner, and but one escaped, that that one should be beset with peril, should win his way, with great difficulty, to the shore, and suffer the disasters he has attempted to describe? I have said thus much to destroy these surmises, which, though indirect and untenable, are grating to the feelings. The nature of this part of the case precluding the possibility of ocular evidence, I can only pledge, in support of its truth, my word of honor. All else relating to the ship may be confirmed by the testimony of several gentlemen now

living in neighboring towns, who were merchants resident at Buenos Ayres at the time, and who were well acquainted with the transactions, which were never doubted there. But enough—while others may stagger at the story, and wonder that he alone should survive; with him, that he escaped at all, will be the theme of the greatest wonder, and of the deepest gratitude.

**GEORGE FRACKER.**

## NARRATIVE.

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I SAILED from New York in the ship *Ocean*, Captain. F., October, 1816, for the River of Plate. The patriot consul from the republic of Buenos Ayres, resident there, had contracted with and engaged a French officer of rank, with eighteen others, who were under his direction, for the service of his government. This personage had been formerly a colonel under Bonaparte, and commanded a regiment of Polish lancers—himself, by birth a Pole. He had accompanied Napoleon to Plymouth in the *Bellouphron*, and being denied a passage with him to St. Helena, left England, and sailed, with several inferior officers, to the United States. Here they were engaged, as before mentioned, by the envoy. Our ship was fitted out for their reception, and owned by Mr. H., then high sheriff of New York. Besides these, we had eight other Frenchmen as passengers, who were mechanics, architects, &c., and three Americans, comprising, with the ship's crew, a goodly company of about forty seven persons. We loosed the sails, with a moderate breeze and fair, though somewhat hazy. Nothing material occurred till the third day out, when we

experienced a storm, which lasted, with great violence, about three hours; about dark it abated. We had got the ship under snug sail, and wearied with the labor of the day, I retired with the chief mate below, intending to broach a wine pipe, of which we had two stowed on end, under the after hatchway, to drink farewell to our homes and success to our ship. On proceeding from the cabin, through a passage to the steerage, we discovered by the lantern, a face which I had not before recognised on board. The man was decently dressed, sitting between the water casks, picking a bone. On being interrogated, he told us he was an Irishman, of the name of O'Brien; that bad luck had brought him there, having lost his money; and that he had smuggled himself on board. I acquainted the captain with the discovery, and the affair terminated by setting him to work as cook's mate; in which capacity he afterwards proved a very useful fellow. The interference of the French passengers in the affairs of the ship, gave us much trouble, for which the tars paid themselves on crossing the line.

It had been reported in the papers of the day, at New York, previous to our sailing, that the Portuguese had declared war against the patriots of the La Plata, had seized on Monte Video, and were blockading the port of Buenos Ayres. On Sunday morning, eighty two days out, we passed Monte Video, in full sight, with a stiff breeze. The day was bright and beautiful, and the appearance of this

walled city as we were borne along upon the bosom of the majestic La Plata, was to us, who so long had seen nothing but the ocean and the sky, highly gratifying. Abreast of the harbor, lay a Portuguese seventy four and several frigates; we ran within cannon shot of the former, she firing one gun, which we did not regard, but continued our course in an oblique direction across the river, to gain the south channel. About four, P. M., we discovered the opposite shore, and ran within three miles of it, when we struck upon a shoal; the bottom, fortunately, was of soft mud, though the swell of the sea caused the ship to strike very heavily. We imagined it to be the Chico Bank, as we thought Point India Shoal, which, in fact, we were thumping upon, could not extend so far from the land; the helmsman was therefore ordered to keep the ship's head in shore, in order to pass between the bank and the main; but this movement soon caused her to strike so heavily as to throw three or four off their legs, and much alarmed the passengers. On perceiving our error, we immediately braced round the sails and steered off shore, and after striking again several times, found ourselves once more in deep water. The navigation at this part of the river is very difficult and dangerous. Night approaching, we soon after lessened sail and came to anchor in about ten fathoms, and remained thus for the night.

At day break we again loosened the sails and proceeded up the river. Capt. F. and the general

were upon the look-out aloft, greatly anxious for the result of this day's proceedings; the Frenchmen dreading the Portuguese, and expecting hourly to be boarded by a man of war and taken prisoners, and the captain also concerned for the safety of his ship. At ten, A. M., they discovered, from aloft, several vessels far ahead, which, enveloped partly in the floating mist of the morning, loomed like men of war. The merchant vessels in the outer roads of Buenos Ayres are discovered before you can see the city, from which they are distant eight or ten miles; where, also, is stationed, at all times, an English frigate or sloop of war. These, I assured the agitated Frenchmen, were the ships they now saw; but their fears construed them into the dreaded Portuguese squadron, and their opinion could not be shaken. The captain ordered the ship to be brought to. The sails were chued up, the anchor dropped, and the long boat hoisted out and got alongside. While doing this, I was sent for in the cabin, where the captain requested me to get in readiness, with four men, to go in the boat and take the French officers on shore. They seemed convinced, he said, that the ships ahead are enemies, and are willing to take the chance of landing here, rather than to fall into their hands. I received some dollars to pay expenses, immediately mustered the baggage of the soldiers, and with the general and nine others, pushed off from the ship and made for the shore, distant about five miles. We landed



about four, P. M., running the boat on the beach, as she had leaked half full of water, and commenced unlading the cargo, which comprised all the officers' trunks, bedding, armour, side arms, &c., and a small stock of provisions. These were carried through the bushes to an elevated spot, where there grew a thicket of small sized trees, by the help of which, the passengers began to erect a kind of arbor, while I left them, with two of the seamen, to explore the country, which, probably, before we landed, the human foot had never trod. The soil we found very wet, and almost impenetrable from the thick growth of tall reeds. I saw, over the rushes, afar off, a rising ground and a tree, and thinking it would be a good place for further observations, I resolved to gain it. Our only method of advancing was by parting the rushes on each side with our arms, and breaking through the bushes or creeping under the small trees, which grew here in the thick luxuriance of unmolested nature. But for the greatest distance, our only method of progressing was, to lay ourselves at length on the rushes and pressing them to the ground, to proceed again alternately. We gained, at last, the desired eminence, and I ascended the tree, but could perceive nothing of a habitation or cattle, though we had seen the prints of animals' feet.

By the time we returned, we found the wind, which had been increasing, now blew a gale on shore; a large surf was rolling in upon the beach,

which at once convinced us of the impossibility of making our way through it in our leaky boat, back to the ship; we were therefore compelled to make the best of necessity, and to remain on shore; I directed the men to bring the boat into a small cove which made into the land, and the anchor to be carried up the beach and secured. She then rode in her little bay in safety. It now began to thicken around and to grow dark and tempestuous, which urged us to turn our thoughts to the means of shelter and comfort, during what foreboded a dreary, cold and stormy night. We took a scanty supper of some cold ham and ship bread, and one bottle of brandy, which nearly consumed our stock of provisions; then, at the suggestion of the general, all hands turned to in cutting down armfuls of the long rushes which grew so thick around, to serve for beds, and in breaking down the branches of decayed trees, &c., for fuel. The ground was every where very wet, and no dry spot could be found; these rushes we strewed very thickly on the ground, in the most open place we could find, in the form of a circle, upon which we were to repose. In the centre of this we made half a dozen large fires, and then set the watch, myself and four seamen, as we concluded to let the soldiers do as best pleased them, which watch was to commence at twelve, midnight, till which time I was to keep guard; after which, the sailors two hours each, till morning. This was necessary in order to keep the

fires replenished, for it was freezing cold, to protect us from wild beasts, and to take care of our boat. At twelve I called the next in turn and laid down, to try the experiment, if weariness could repose upon a flint, for I had a stone for my pillow, or what was worse, upon the wet ground. I had no outside covering, neither had the seamen, but labor compelled us to sleep. I awoke about daylight, and my feelings were indisecribable; the morning was boisterous, the fires were wholly extinct, and had been so a long time. The men from fatigue had fallen into a deep sleep, and snoring around. I attempted to rise, but was surprised to find my limbs so stiff and nerveless; my senses too seemed almost as stiff as my bones, I felt light headed, and half crazy, the effect of sleeping on wet ground. I walked round in search of the general, who was lying with his associates in a cluster, on the opposite side of the fires, well sheltered from the severity of the night and the earth, by their mattresses, and ample coverings of surtouts, cloaks and wrappers. I acquainted him of my intention of returning on board the ship. He then pencilled a note to Captain F. informing him he was resolved to endeavor to penetrate by land to Ensenada, and from whence, should he arrive there, to send down a conveyance for his men. We then pushed off with the boat, and after a long and strong pull reached the ship; on entering on board we found but two men, the captain and cook; the seamen

wearied by the preceding night's fatigue, had turned in. Many congratulations passed at meeting again, with the seamen, as each party knew it had been a hard night to both. A part of one cable was hauled in upon the forecastle. The captain informed me he had lost the best bower, and was resolved to remain no longer in the river with but one anchor; he requested me, therefore, to take the remaining Frenchmen on shore and make for Ensenada by land or water, as soon as convenient. As the wind was fair up the river, he should directly weigh and set sail, stating that if once rid of the troublesome Frenchmen he had nothing to fear.

The remaining party was soon collected and seemed unwilling to go on shore through fear of falling into Portuguese hands. These we likewise landed on the beach, being all the French passengers. The ship immediately threw out her sails and was soon out of sight. Most of these officers had been troublesome guests, and were discontented, insolent, and heartily disliked by the ship's company; but one of a captain's rank, was of a different mould; he was frank and intelligent, fine form and features, and by his gentlemanly deportment, and many virtues, had endeared himself throughout the passage to us Americans. To him, in Spanish, on stepping on shore, I addressed myself relative to our situation and prospects. The general with his servant had left them in the morning to penetrate his way to Ensenada, as before intended. While

speaking to this officer, a quarrel had arisen between his comrades and the four sailors, which we endeavored to quell. The captain remonstrated in vain, and they had proceeded to blows, and the first party being now joined by the others, were running for their arms, which hung on the arbor above, and serious consequences were likely to ensue. I therefore deemed it prudent to leave them to their fate, and hastily shook hands with my friend, and ordered the men to jump into the boat and pull away. It was instantly done, and we had gained a considerable distance before our adversaries had reached the beach. Astonished at this sudden and unexpected movement, they hallooed and loaded us with threats and imprecations; but disregarding all, we laid in our oars, and hoisted a large lug mainsail, and kept foaming on our way, the wind being fresh and fair; and shaping our course for Ensenada, we kept steadily along the shore, though at a considerable distance from it, on account of shoals. I had previously been in the above place four years before, in 1812; I was well acquainted with the entrance, the several creeks, and a number of the villagers. In a short time after our departure with the boat, while sailing rapidly with a stiff breeze, one of our men discovered abreast of us, on a pole, a signal of a white handkerchief, displayed in one of the nooks or windings of the beach. I directly stood in shore to ascertain what was meant, and as we neared the

strand, we discovered to our great surprise, the party of artizans which we had last landed from the ship, and who had left us immediately on landing, to plod their way on foot along shore, to our place of destination. So great was their eagerness to reach the boat, that many waded up to their chins in water, and nearly capsized us in their hurry to tumble on board. They gave us a direful account of their progress over the rocks, puddles, flints, &c. of the beach, having to trudge barefoot, with their shoes in their hands, as the ground was so interrupted and broken, that they were often up mid-deep in water in wading from one point of land to another. Indeed the contortions of faces, and lacerated feet, gave strong evidence of very rough treatment. After a rapid run of about an hour, we saw the entrance of Ensenada, and by cutting through a small creek across a point of land, soon found ourselves in the channel; by the appearance of the rushes it was nearly high water, and we soon pulled up along side of a dismantled ship, and saw several others. I directly ascended on board, but found no one on deck; on entering the cabin, I saw at the bottom of the companion way, a foreigner smoking his cigaro de papel. I inquired in Spanish what ship, &c. and if the Portuguese were blockading Buenos Ayres? 'Nothing like it,' he answered in Portuguese, but that they had possession of Monte Video, and a small squadron there. Highly gratified with this intelligence, and eased of our apprehensions, we

left her and struck into a small creek which led up to the village; here we lowered the mainsail, and took to the oars, as the creeks are here very irregular and narrow, and we in rowing struck each bank with our oars. After pulling about a quarter of a mile, we fell in with a boat with two persons in the stern, and rowed by two seamen, who, with the boat, looked like American. I instantly recognised one of the gentlemen as a Mr. B., who I had formerly been well acquainted with in Buenos Ayres. 'Where in the name of wonder, my friend,' he asked, 'are you from, with that dismal set of fellows?' 'From New York,' I replied. 'What! in that boat?' (for he had seen no ship) 'Oh no! we landed a score of Frenchmen about four leagues below, for fear of the Portuguese, and the passengers are some of them, which we picked up along shore.' The boats were now alongside together, and my friend B. introduced me to Captain B., of the ship A., of Baltimore, then lying in the channel waiting freight. He advised me to proceed to the captain of the port, Mr. J., to whose house they were then going, and report myself. I thought myself fortunate in falling in, by chance, with such good company, and on landing, we took the direct path to the captain of the port's house. This part of the country is extremely low and level, insomuch as two feet above the usual tides would inundate the country for many miles around. The houses are thinly scattered, and the people sociable and friend-

ly. But I shall defer a further description for the present, and continue the story. To this officer, the captain of the port, the second in consequence in the village, and an American, I introduced myself, and briefly related the occurrences which brought us into Ensenada; after some conversation, we proceeded towards the landing place to procure accommodations for the men, whom I left in the boat, awaiting my return. In passing by a pulperia, or small tavern, (where they sell groceries, and can occasionally supply beds and victuals to the lower classes) we were soon apprised by their noisy shouts of mirth, that they were within, regaling themselves upon the publican's vino-carlon and sausages, and congratulating themselves on falling in with so snug a berth after the stormy nights at sea. The port officer agreed with the pulpero for the daily supply and lodgings for the men while we should remain at Ensenada. From thence we visited the commandant, who lived about half a mile from the creek. Here we found a small party of soldiers, through which we passed, and were ushered into the presence of the chief magistrate. He appeared to be about fifty years of age, very corpulent, with a fat, contented face. After hearing the story, every thing was in motion. The landing, within his jurisdiction, of a score of friends from America, was an important affair, and happened but rarely in this quiet village, where, in general, the greatest stretch of his abilities and power consisted in stifling the



tumultuous rows of the sailors from the ships, on Sundays, or signing passports for Buenos Ayres. In conjunction with Mr. J., he procured guides, horses, riders and carts, to proceed in search of the abandoned party. As they were officers sent out by the consul for the patriot army, he wisely considered they had a claim upon his services and assistance.

The next morning at day break, the caravan of carts set out from the magistrate's in quest of the absent party, with orders to lose no time, but to proceed till they found them, and to bring them to his house forthwith. I now took up my abode at the house of Mr. J., where I remained during my stay in this place. During the forenoon of the following day, the carts returned with the wanderers. They were found in a miserable plight, near a swamp, from which they had just extricated themselves, covered with sweat and mud, and nearly exhausted from fatigue and hunger. They were kept partially guarded at the commandant's house till an answer to his express should arrive from Buenos Ayres, to which place he had written, relating the strange manner of their falling into his hands. On the evening of the third day, the much expected letters arrived. The captain of the port had instructions to permit myself and crew to depart at pleasure, and the commandant had directions to pay every attention to the French officers, and to fur-

nish means to conduct them to Buenos Ayres. Early the next morning, receiving a passport from the captain of the port, and a small basket of provisions, to which we added a jug of wine and keg of water, we started in our boat, (myself and the four seamen) for Buenos Ayres. We pulled away at the oars for about three miles, till we had doubled a point of land, when we hoisted a sail, and were able, with the wind, to make a stretch up the river. We kept wholly along shore, and in about five hours sail, discerned the merchantmen in the offing of Buenos Ayres, and passed the English frigate and native guard brig without molestation. After passing the small craft in the inner roads to windward, in a passage of six and a half hours, we landed at the Mole-Head. This is the only landing place, saving the custom house, of the port. There are no piers or wharves, and the shore, or river-side, is wholly occupied by washer-women, who line the whole surface of the beach, and who, with their black limbs and snow-white clothes spread around, present a busy and singular appearance. I procured lodgings for the men at a house in the street near the beach, and then went in search of the captain, who I presumed was ashore, as we had seen the ship in the outer roads; but he had not yet landed. In the afternoon, however, I fell in with him near the Mole, having just landed. In the morning a pilot was procured and we went on board; and that

day the ship, after losing her long boat, which filled and swamped while under way, and broke her fast, was brought in to an anchor in the inner roads.

On the twenty second of February, Washington's birth day, a phenomenon took place at Buenos Ayres, which will ever be remembered by those who witnessed it, and which I believe has never been recorded. On the morning of that day, while lying off from the shore about three quarters of a mile—the men being employed, as usual, in washing the decks, being about half past seven, and the sun two hours high—'Jack,' says one of the men to his shipmate, after he had thrown his bucket of water, and was observing the weather, 'what means that cloud of dust in the wake of the town, yonder?' Before the question could be answered by his comrade, however, the uncommon appearance of this dense body of dust, and the wild appearance of the sky, had rivetted the eyes of all on board. 'Stand by the cable tier!' vociferated the chief mate; 'jump down and be ready to pay out—bear a hand, my hearties, here's a pampero coming, driving the world before him.' The black cloud of dust now rising and expanding in awful grandeur, and extending over half the horizon, rapidly approached us, immediately followed by an immense shroud of impenetrable darkness, which rose beneath and followed it. As the ship lay broadside to the shore, I was proceeding from midships to the helm, in order to bring her head to wind; but I was arrest-

ed in my progress by total darkness and the tremendous blast, which at once, struck the ship and nearly capsized her, and had to secure myself by clenching the railing. This is indeed a phenomenon, I exclaimed to the chief mate; what comes next? but astonishment kept him and all others deprived, for the time, of speech. Here, for a few moments, was a grand and awfully sublime spectacle; on one side of us was a body of almost palpable darkness, and on the other, the fair light of heaven. Expecting momentarily to be blown to the other regions, we waited, breathlessly, the result of this wonder of nature for about twenty minutes, when the field of darkness passed through, and was driven beyond us to the other side, and in its vacancy the light slowly returned; thus we had repeatedly light on one side and darkness on the other. On discerning the features of each other, we were surprised at their ludicrous complexion; a sooty black dust had overspread our faces, and rendered our appearance like that of negroes. On recovering from our surprise, we found we had sustained no other damage than dragging our anchors a few cables length; but other vessels, near us before, we scarcely could recognise, they had drifted so far. The remainder of the day was boisterous and rainy, attended with heavy thunder and lightning. The sailors considered this event as a voice of Providence, and the carpenter piously believed it a judgment on the sinful inhabitants of the land. In the city, a greater degree of

consternation prevailed. Many, at the time, were in the streets, going and returning from market; but the sudden absence of light compelled every one to remain as he was caught, with caravans of mules, droves of horses, &c., while milk boys, priests and begging friars, dropped on their knees and earnestly implored the protection of the saints.

In April, the ship having altered her destination, I obtained a release, not choosing to return home, and desirous of seeing more of the world. Soon after, meeting with an old acquaintance, a sea captain, he proposed to me a birth in a good ship, soon to sail to Valparaiso, in the Pacific, doubling Cape Horn, and from thence westwardly to Canton, and returning by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, thus completing the circumnavigation of the globe, or the sailing round the world. This was just what I wished, and which would occupy, probably, twenty or twenty four months. While making preparations, however, news arrived from the Pacific, detrimental to the sale of the cargo they were receiving on board, which was matte or yerba, (Paraguay tea) which they were obliged to discharge; and much to my mortification the voyage was altered. In the month of May, however, I entered as second officer on board of this ship, the Jane, Captain William Seaboth, bound to Brazil, with a cargo of hides. Our departure was sometime retarded by striking on the bar, in going out, which damaged our rudder and detained us nearly six

weeks. Towards the middle of June, however, we again set sail, and after a pleasant passage of twenty days, came to anchor in the harbor of Rio Janeiro. Here we had to remain nearly two months, for freight. We succeeded at last in procuring it, consisting of nearly two hundred pipes of wine, several hundred barrels of flour, tobacco in baskets, crockery ware, dry goods, salmon and Irish butter in kegs, salchina, or salt pork, which is the side of a hog rolled up hard and put in a basket of the shape of a meal bag, &c. &c.; a very full cargo. We had on board five passengers, two of them Spaniards, a German, an Englishman and an American, as follows: Senior Monasteria, an eminent engineer, whose wife and four children were living in Buenos Ayres, of which he was a valuable citizen, aged about forty five; Senior Barras, a resident of Rio, of a weak constitution, who had undertaken this passage on account of his low state of health, and about twenty years of age. On the day of our departure from Rio, his father, an aged Spaniard, who resided there, came on board to see that every thing was prepared for his comfort, and to take a farewell of his only son. Mynheer Mann, a German gentleman, who had been for some years a resident of Rio Janeiro, and had before freighted vessels and taken passage in them from thence to Monte Video; he was a man of middle age, of prepossessing appearance, a gentleman and a scholar, and possessing the milk of human kindness in an

eminent degree. Francis Summers, a North Briton, aged about thirty, who had likewise long resided in Buenos Ayres, Monte Video, and Rio Janeiro, and had many acquaintances in all those places; he was strong and athletic, of enterprising habits, and his loss was deeply lamented. Lastly, Mr. Tiernay, an American, (naturalized) who, I believe, was a native of France, the language of which he spoke with ease; he was a large and well proportioned man, of great information, and easy and sociable manners. He had left Baltimore about a year previous, with a freight, which he advantageously disposed of at Rio, and on the arrival of the Union, Captain P., of Boston, purchased about four hundred barrels of flour and put on board of our vessel, which would have brought a great price at Monte Video had our ship reached the port.

Our captain was by birth a Dane, a large and corpulent man, a perpetual smoker, a great eater, drank nothing but water, talked but little and played admirably upon the piano forte, having one in his state room. He was a man of a most phlegmatic and easy temper, upon which fair weather or foul, bad luck or good, could make no perceptible impression. The slaves were freshly imported, untamed sons of Angola; the seamen, (Swedes and Englishmen) much like all other sailors, careless, illiterate, rough and honest. We were plentifully stocked with provisions and liquors of all kinds, such as wine, oranges, poultry, pigs, two goats for

milking, three monkies for mischief, a dog, a cat, and about twenty parrots and paraquitos. Thus comfortably provided, in the morning of the third of September, 1817, we were wafted out of the harbor by a cheering breeze from the land, in company with six or eight sail of large Portuguese Indiamen, two English ships for Lima, an English schooner for Monte Video, and an American ship (the *Diomedé*, of Salem, Captain Page) for Buenos Ayres, and several coasting sumacos.

The view of this part of the Coast of Brazil, near the entrance of this harbor is, perhaps, no where surpassed in point of majestic grandeur and beauty. The cloud capp't—but of this in another place. Nothing of consequence occurred during the passage, till within about fifty leagues of the mouth of the La Plata. About ten, A. M., on the fourteenth of September, a man at work aloft arrested the dull, monotonous sounds of the winds and waves, by the cry of sail ho! It was the first time we had heard that ever welcome exclamation, and we were eager now to approach and hail the supposed vessel. The helmsman was directed to keep in a direct course for the sail. With a stiff breeze and fair wind we rapidly neared it, when it began to assume a different appearance—the sails and masts were no longer visible. The hull, however, was still plainly seen, and looked like the wreck of some large vessel, and some, by the help of glasses, affirmed they could distinctly perceive her broken



timbers. This was the general belief, nor were we undeceived till we were within hail of it, when the supposed hull of a foundered frigate, proved to be but the wreck of a prodigious South Atlantic whale! From his appearance, he had been dead a long while; he had opened, on the upper surface, his whole length, and presented an immense yawning breach, on each side of which, appeared his large ribs and bones. He lay in an inclined position, which prevented the swelling surge from entering and filling him, though it would dash in a foam around him; this gave him, even at a moderate distance, the appearance of a large wreck. A vast number of sea birds had alighted upon him, and with large shoals of various fish, were eagerly assisting to devour him.

The next day we fell in with and spoke the English brig Mary, from Liverpool, bound to Buenos Ayres, seventy three days out. It being about meridian, with fair weather and smooth sea, we gave the captain an invitation to dine with us, which he accepted; and, accordingly, we backed topsails and lay too, the brig doing the same, when we lowered the boat from the stern, conducted him on board of us, hoisted up the boat, filled the sails again and then bore away. This commander was dressed, as English captains frequently are at sea, in a check shirt, short jacket, leather cap, and tarry trowsers. A novice could not have distinguished him from one of his crew; he was, however, sociable and friendly,

had brought a fine large Cheshire cheese with him, and took in return a half dozen of wine. The next day we lost sight of him, he being light and a faster sailer. The morning was rather hazy when we entered the river, which we knew we were in, by the changed color of the water. The land was soon plainly seen, stretching low from Cape St. Mary up the river, with the sandy beaches, trees, and hills. We passed Lobos, or Seal Island, about nine, A. M. These seals or sea wolves appeared at this time in greater numbers here, than I had ever seen them. We passed Moldonado, a small town, about eleven—continuing our course up the river with a light but fair wind, till towards sunset, when the fog still becoming more dense, the wind increasing and night approaching, it was determined to haul off shore for several miles, and thus gain an offing for anchorage during the night. We accordingly came to anchor about fifteen miles below Monte Video, our first destined port to the leeward of Flores, or Isle of Flowers—the wind now blowing fresh from the south east. At eight o'clock, the gale increasing very fast, we payed out a long scope of cable, and she seemed for the present to ride easy, and with much less straining. Between this time and nine o'clock, while supper was preparing below, and the crew in the forecastle, the captain and myself, with his inseparable solace, a cigar, were walking the quarter deck, balancing ourselves to the roll and plunges and lurches of the vessel;

conversing upon the events of the passage, the character of our passengers, and on the happy prospects of breakfasting next morning in Monte Video. In concluding the conversation, Captain S., after looking around upon the portentous sky and troubled waves, made the following memorable observation. 'But keep a good look out to-night, Mr. F., and tend well the cable, for if we drive ashore here, we are all lost.' We then descended the cabin, giving charge to the watch, and sat down with light and still happy hearts, to supper. Happy were we all in the idea of being so near the end of our voyage—but how unconscious that the supper we partook of, was the last to be taken, and that six brief hours should end the voyage of life with all, save one. Little, for my own part, did I dream of or presage its sad reality. I had formed plans, which, on shore with my adventurers, were brilliant in prospective, and I indulged in pleasing reveries. After the removal of the cloth, wine was passed around, and the cabin at this time presented a group of happy and expecting mortals, who, after the dangers of the ocean, and almost in hail of their homes, were congratulating themselves upon the fair prospect of the pleasures before them.

I ascended on deck, to observe the weather before I turned in. The gale still continued to increase—the ship pitching very heavily, plunging bows under, and wet from fore to aft by the sea and the spray. After seeing all snug, and leaving

the deck in charge of the officer of the watch, I descended, and turned into my hammock, stripping off only my outer great jacket. At twelve, midnight, after passing a sleepless and anxious watch below, with sensations as strange and uneasy as the laboring motions of the ship, I came upon deck to relieve the watch. I went forward and examined the cables at the hawse holes, to see if the canvas or service needed renewing from the chafing; and seeing all was well, I returned to the quarter deck, to the lead line. The watch which had been relieved, had retired and turned in, and myself, boatswain and four men, remained as the watch on deck. The ship was rolling and pitching most laborious, as the weather current was very strong. 'An uncomfortable night this, sir,' said the boatswain, who was a great talker, 'and infernal cold for a warm country—faith, I must button up my monkey, and secure my tarpaulin, if we are to stand this weather here on deck for four hours. Whew! this is a snorter; and we must keep well aft, or else a sea from over the bows there, will throw us off our legs, or a spray give us a drencher to freshen our eyelids. D—n her, how she jumps and pitches; well, for my part, give me a ship under sail, with the wind a-beam to steady her, instead of lying here at anchor, where she tumbles about like a chip in a frog pond.' The moon was now about half an hour high. From the feeling of the lead, I was fearful that the ship had been, and was still fast drifting,

The motion of the vessel and strong current, prevented my knowing this to a certainty—while at the line, I observed an unusual white foam to the leeward, and remarked it to the boatswain. He replied, he thought it no more than the curling tops of the waves. Not satisfied with this, I went aft into the yawl over the stern, and was soon convinced they were that dread of sailors, breakers, and not far from us. I quickly went below, and awoke the captain, who was in a secure and profound sleep! by violently shaking him; and with a loud cry of ‘breakers!’ aroused the passengers. I then went forward to get ready another anchor, and several men were clearing the cable tier below. The captain had just gained the deck, when, at quarter past twelve, the vessel struck. The shock sunk upon the hearts of those on board, like the summons for sudden death—and with reason. All knew that while the ship rode clear of the ground, they were in safety; but the moment she struck, their minutes were numbered, and death inevitable. Those below were directly alarmed by the shock, and hurried affrighted to the deck. Another blow soon followed—then another, and another, still more heavy. A heavy sea soon struck over the bows, and knocked down several seamen, and obliged them to retreat to the quarter deck. The seas began now to break over the whole weather side, and all were palsied with horror on looking around at the awful prospect—the tremendous surge, and the fate which

could not be shunned. The passengers and seamen had all reached the deck, excepting the carpenter, who lay sick in his hammock in the steerage—some, in nothing but their shirts, and all half dressed, or with some clothes in their hands. On seeing their perilous situation, the clothes were dropped, and they secured their hold to the rigging—the ship continually striking. The captain ordered the steward to secure some articles in the cabin; he descended, but soon came up with the dismal tidings that every thing was adrift and the cabin full of water. ‘Cut away the masts! cut away the masts!’ he then cried out. I went forward to the carpenter’s chest; I asked several for the axe. ‘We dont know of any axe, sir,’ was the answer. ‘Lord have mercy upon us.’ The seas now forced all to secure their holds. Young Summers had gained the weather main shrouds, nearly naked and drenched by every sea. ‘Fracker, where are you,’ he exclaimed, in a voice of despair. ‘Here am I, Frank,’ I replied, holding on with the rest—‘God only can help us now.’ One sailor alone, delirious with horror that stupified others, was loud in his cries of despair. Irritated at such cowardice in one who had been a bullying, boisterous fellow, I told him hastily to stop his clamors, and not thus to discourage others; that if he wished to save himself, it must be by exertion, and not lamentation; and that the ship could, possibly, hold together till day-light. But the others stood inanimate; and despair and horror at their

inevitable fate, deprived them of all motion, speech or sensation of danger. The seas at this time were making complete cataracts over every part of the ship, and perceiving I should soon have to commit myself to the waves, I threw off my pea jacket and hat into the sea. Most of the crew and passengers were holding firmly on the different parts of the quarter deck, and three or four naked, shivering wretches, had ventured partly up the shrouds, clinging with ghastly looks to the ropes, as their last hold, from which the merciless waves were tearing them in succession, and they were instantly overwhelmed and buried in their bosoms.

From the time she had first struck, the sea had so completely burst over us, that it rendered every effort of endeavoring to help ourselves, useless and dangerous—in our first intentions of cutting the cables, making some sail, or, at the worst, to cut away the masts, and driving as fast as possible on shore. Such, indeed, was its sudden violence, that nothing was soon thought of but to attempt to hold on as long as possible, and all other efforts were impracticable and abandoned. Ten or twelve of us, at this time, were holding on to the weather quarter rail; every sea, a solid body of water, to which at its approach we presented our bare heads, would immediately wash us off our legs horizontally, at arm's length, and the comrade at my side, with several others, were torn from their grasp, and hurled and buried amid the wreck and water.

Finding it impossible to stand this suffocating drenching any longer, and my arms weak from such powerful stretching, I watched my chance, after a prodigious surge roared over me, loosed my hold, seized the mizen backstay, climbed over the heads of some who were clinging to the rigging, and happily gained the mizen top, advising the rest to follow, as I was certain no man could stand the force of such terrific seas five minutes longer. Here, in the mizen top, in the interval of the ship's striking, I fell to thrashing myself, and preparing for the waves. My body and limbs had become much benumbed, from the severe drenching below, and my feet were entirely without feeling. I took off my shoes and began to beat the soles of my feet with them; by which means, and by violently thrashing my body with my arms, I succeeded, at last, in circulating the blood, and rendering myself once more warm. While aloft, I drew out my knife and cut away the gaskets which confined the mizen topsail, wishing, by this, to drive her further towards the shore, which I could not yet discover. I also succeeded in cutting away several of the lanyards of the topmast rigging, hoping that the topmast might go over and leave the mizenmast standing till the last, to hold on to; but this was unavailing, as the keel having been beat off, the masts ultimately gave way in the steps.

I looked down below, and beheld, with varied emotions, and not without a degree of painful plea-



sure, a shipwreck, in which the fearful and the sublime were strongly blended. It was a sight from which I could not wish to avert my eyes, though I would have given worlds, at the same moment, for a foothold of safety. Holding on to the topmast rigging, and bending over the top, I watched, with straining eyes, the scene of death and destruction, so busily and clamorously carried on beneath me. Of those whom I had left grasping the quarter rail, I saw the three last washed from their holds, who soon met death. The mainmast having topgallant yard across, likewise fell over the side, and unluckily the wrong side, being to windward, off shore, which I was sorry to see, the ship laying broadside to the waves, and heeled much to windward. The moon had not yet set, and though obscured, enabled me to see, distinctly, the dire effects of the tempest. The long boat was forced from her head gripes and fastenings, and forced round, end on, to the sea; a second wave struck her stern, and instantly her fragments and contents were thrown beyond me, and the small boat, astern, instantly after, followed, borne on the top of a sea, with all her appendage of davils, tackles and lashings. The foremast, I imagined, would now speedily fall, as from its rolling I supposed its step was gone, as the ship beat heaviest at the fore part; but on the contrary, I soon found myself going over with the mizen mast, which fell and carried me along with it. I was plunged into the sea, and received a few

scratches and bruises, but happily extricated myself from beneath the ropes, got round the top, and crawling down by the upper rigging, with difficulty regained the ship.

I was now beset on all sides with conflicting timber, but was happily well aware of the danger that threatened me. I found every plank of the main deck washed off and in pieces—the bulwarks stripped and gone fore and aft, and pipes of wine, tierces, barrels of flour and kegs of butter, hencoops, crates and spars, added to the general wreck. In jumping from the rail to gain the lee side, I fell among this ruin, but had hitherto felt only one or two severe bruises. ~~A~~ tremendous wave now broke over the quarter, and sweeping every thing before, carried me along with some large spars forward, when my right leg was struck by one of them, and jambed in between that and a deck beam, at the joint of the knee, which was instantly crushed, and held as in a vice, immoveable. My situation was now for two minutes most critical, and frightfully dismaying—another sea was roaring towards me. The blow I received had almost severed my limb, though I felt no pain. The next minute the surrounding timber would infallibly be washed in a storm around my head and body, and I momentarily expected it. By a providential rise of the water, I was enabled to catch hold of the lee rail, screwed out my leg, dodged under the rail, tumbled into the sea, and the wave roared harmless over my head!

I did this, not in the hope of reaching the shore, for I thought, indeed, it was not within many miles; but resolving to hasten my end, and preferring to die in the open sea, and especially to avoid a death by piecemeal—by crushing now and then a joint or a limb. I had heard the groans of two or three others, and among them, the voice of the commander; their bones, probably, mostly broken, who had escaped being carried off by the waves, and who were, I presumed, but just alive. These, I believed, were all that still remained of this ill-fated company. After I had plunged into the sea, and rose, I held on, for a moment, to the upper timbers, which were all that was left of the ship, and those loosening, to recover breath. I soon quitted and began to strip, which was a difficult operation for a person in my then situation, as my leg hung down, like a rope, useless in the water, and I had on a thick jacket, two pair of duck trowsers, and neckerchief, a black Barcelona. While effecting this, some one, (and the only one I discovered) clinging to the timbers, was suddenly washed from his hold, and extending his arms, his right hand came in contact with my neckerchief, which he convulsively grasped, and we sunk together! Pushed for breath myself, it was no time for ceremony—the next hold I perhaps could not disengage, and an attempt to assist him would only ensure certain death to both; I therefore quickly pulled the end of my neckerchief, the knot being fortunately with a bow, and he sunk

with it in his hand, and the waves closed over him forever. I presumed he was a passenger, from his white shirt, and from his stout appearance, the Senior Monasteria or Mr. Tiernay. While under water, I in a moment stripped, and again rose to the surface, divested of all covering but my shirt. My leg, I felt, was powerless, and in stripping off my trowsers, the twisting of it gave a degree of pain, besides which, I had several scratches and bruises; through these, the chilling coldness of the water struck to the heart.

When a boy, I was an expert swimmer; and when arrived at manhood, could jump from the gunwale of a ship, fully clad, strip while doubling the keel, and come up the other side with my clothes under my arm. No one that I had met with, possessed the faculty of retaining breath, and withholding the respiration for so long a period. But in this case, swimming, even with able and untired limbs, was wholly useless in a sea so heavy; and efforts to keep my head above water was all I could hope for. The moon had now gone down, and committing myself to God, I then pushed off from the wreck, to be thrown by the surge where his providence should impel. With two arms and a leg, I kept before the wind, and every sea would wash far over my head; I resolved, therefore, to seize hold of the first large substance I should encounter, and gain breath, of which I was very short. I soon fastened upon a bale of goods, but it being wet and heavy, I

relinquished it, as every sea rolled over it, and I quitted it nearly exhausted. I saw numberless pieces of the wreck, and was in constant danger of being struck by some, which I repeatedly avoided by paddling from and diving, which the prodigious seas wholly overwhelmed. I stood this hard buffeting for about a dozen seas, and nature was fast retreating from the conflict, being desperately pushed for breath, as I could draw but little in the short intervals of the waves. I had now been nearly half an hour in the water, and nearly half the time below it; I had withstood, beyond my hopes, this war of elements, but my breath now became harder and quicker—I felt a suffocation and strangling—I turned and faced the waves in despair—I gasped twice, with a convulsive leap—another sea swept over me—I saw death inevitable, terrible, and face to face! I had but time, involuntarily, but audibly, to repeat the ejaculation, ‘Lord Jesus receive my spirit,’ and sunk in unshaken faith, that till the last trump should summon all hands, I should rise no more! My senses with my breath, also forsook me; and for a moment my mind was filled with the most singular and delightful sensations, apparently in an enrapturing dream. This, however, was as momentary as it was wonderful. I cannot imagine by what means, whether from the chill of the water, the pain of my wounds, or by the violence of a wave that then broke over me, but I was soon brought to my senses, and rose to the surface evidently re-

freshed. Thy hand, O God, was here! On looking around, I distinctly discovered, as if supernaturally thrown in my way, something large and light, for it kept constantly above the waves. I exerted my remaining strength, and reached it; it was a large crate, empty of all but straw. Into this, I firmly clenched my fingers, and soon recovered breath, as its buoyancy kept it high above the seas. Five minutes of this eventful night, I never think of but with sentiments of amazement and gratitude.—While in the act of sinking, as I supposed, for the last time, the crowd of recollections, and the rapid succession of thoughts thronged my brain almost to bursting, I, who two hours before, was in health, happiness and security, now found myself in the midst of darkness, danger and death, encompassed with the merciless element, without a gleam of hope, and momentarily expecting to enter that unknown world, ‘with all my imperfections on my head.’ The crate to which I had so fortunately attached myself, I have reason to believe, was the only thing, by the assistance of which, I could save my life. Keeping my hold of this, and constantly turning it round as my weight pulled it over towards me, I still kept courage, and dropped myself frequently down under water as far as I could stretch at arm’s length, without quitting my hold, with the earnest hope of touching the bottom, but without success. I was much fatigued from exertion and anxiety, and could scarcely continue my hold upon the crate,

for every sea would sweep us at least ten feet before it, and I began to despair of any land being near, and was fearful that the ship had been wrecked upon a shoal; still, however, holding on the crate, as I felt it my only hope, and knew if I lost that I was lost indeed! Drifting along with hopeless indifference, I was beginning to droop in despair; and overcome with exertion, I felt a lethargy creeping over me, and resolved, with a last effort, to arouse my drowsy spirits, and by violently shaking the crate, shook myself, and looking around, I was surprised and animated, to find an uncommon lull and subsiding of the swelling surge—I was once more alive, for I was inside the breakers! I again quickly dropped myself down, eagerly stretching my limbs to the utmost length, and with my toe touched the bottom! I felt it was of sand, and in a few minutes more I got up to about breast high in the water, and shoving myself forward by leg and arms, soon crawled out of the surf upon the beach. .

Thus, after being more than half an hour in the water, and making my way for nearly three quarters of a mile, through a raging sea, at midnight, I was at last thrown upon a desert beach, certain that no one could have reached a cable's length from the ship, which in an hour and a half after she first struck, was scattered in pieces on the strand. Some idea may be had of the violence of the elements, from the fact that not a single mast came on shore unbroken, nor a timber as big as the wind-

lass; and out of twenty-three souls, among whom were four stout African slaves, whose constant habit of swimming renders them almost amphibious, only one body was thrown on shore that night; the remainder, buried by the first wave, came not on shore till nine days afterwards.

Amazed and nearly stunned, on reaching the beach, I attempted, unconsciously, to stand, but my leg refused its office, and I fell backwards to the ground and was much hurt by the fall, which caused the blood to ooze from several wounds. Half frantic with pain and the severe chill of the weather, a groan, as I lay extended on the earth, for once escaped me. I groaned and wished for death; I could then, I believe, have met him without fear—not as the king of terrors, but the messenger of mercy; I considered the fate of my companions happier far than my own, for their sufferings, though severe, were momentary, while mine, perhaps, were to be protracted, till struggling nature, slowly giving way, sunk under misery at its utmost stretch. Torments so acute I determined not to endure; the dreaded alternative was therefore soon chosen, and I resolved to put an end to my existence by the first means chance should throw in my power. I had many reasons to urge me to this desperate act. The country around me, I believed from experience on the opposite shore, was barren and desolate, without inhabitants for a great distance, impenetrable from swamps and shrubbery, with no chance of being



discovered; the cold was to my body deadly and fearful, and not being able to move without torture, I should not certainly, unsheltered, survive till the morning. The moon had set long since, and I was now in almost palpable darkness, and I could have seen no object, though my eyelids brushed it. Raising myself up at last, I slowly drew myself out of the surf, by hitching myself backwards. I was seated on the sand, with my hand groping around me, and felt hoops, or something bulky, and found, to my surprise, a pipe of wine. I had not left the ship too soon, for here was the lowest tier of the cargo on shore before me. Impelled by pain and despair, I was several times on the point of knocking my head against it and dashing out my brains, but as often hesitated, doubting only my strength to give one sufficient blow. A sad dilemma—but God was with me. A second thought most happily struck me; the cask was large, and sufficient to contain me, if I could possibly stave in the head, and lying end to the wind, would prove a complete shelter from the dreaded cold.

Thus it pleased Providence, that the intended instrument of death, should be the very means of my preservation! Hope once more brightened and gave me triple vigor. Groping still farther along, I felt, for I truly could see nothing about me, several sticks of heavy Brazil wood, dunnage to the pipes, and taking up one, I got round to the upper head, and by repeated strokes, made a breach and

broke, with strength that surprised me, the middle head stave. The wine burst out, I applied my mouth and drank some of it, and then continued my strokes with renewed force. A few more blows stove the head at last entirely in; the wine burst over me, the touch of which, to my frozen carcase, was electric and most agreeable. I took up two pieces of the head staves and placed them in the bottom or bilge of the cask, to make it even and level, and then crawled in. The interior felt to my body like an oven. I had, during all this time, been at work partly in the water, at the edge of the surf, which now flowed in upon me at every wave, and kept me constantly throwing it out with my left hand, as I lay in the water on my back as the least painful position. This labor I was obliged to continue the remainder of the night, till towards morning; when the wind somewhat abated, the tide ebbed, and the surf retreating, no longer kept me bailing; I was, however, too exhausted to remove. At day break I looked out of the cask, and beheld a long sandy beach, covered to a great extent on each side of me with the fragments of the wreck, but not a vestige of the ship as long as the pump, or any thing moving, excepting the gulls. In fact, I was assured, on first reaching the shore, that no mortal alone could make his way through such seas, in such a night, to the land. My own preservation I considered as little short of a miracle. A shipwreck so sudden, an escape so singular, the uproar

I had witnessed, and the sight now before me, my scattered senses could scarce conceive real. For some time I actually doubted myself awake, for it seemed like a horrible dream. I then again composed myself in the cask, and owing to pain, the fumes of the wine and great exertion, I remained, during the whole of this day, nearly insensible, and in a trance-like stupor. Towards sunset I was fearful of being carried away by the return of the tide, during the approaching night, with the pipe in this dangerous situation; I therefore reluctantly crawled out of the cask, and holding up my useless leg from trailing on the ground, and hitching myself backward with my right hand, gained at last the foot of a sand hill further up the beach. I worked myself up on this as high as my strength would permit, to be free from the reach of the sea; and as night was now darkening around, I looked anxiously and in vain, for some kind of hole into which to crawl. Finding no refuge above ground, I was constrained to seek one below it. With a heavy heart, I dug a bed in the sand, into which I crept, and with my lacerated leg undermost, raking the sand over me, laid down, expecting only to rise 'when the last trump should rouse me with its warning.' The sand and my shirt were my only covering; the weather was extremely cold, and during the night it rained and stormed as hard as ever. The wet sand drifting around in smothering showers, covered every part of me, filling at every blast, my hair,

eyes, nose and mouth, kept me constantly spitting it out to prevent suffocation, while the cold often compelled me to sit up and thrash myself to prevent the chill of death. About midnight, in hopes of better avoiding the wintry wind, I resolved to shift my position, and try to get under the lee, or into some hollow on the other side of the hill. I accordingly crawled some distance, I knew not wither, owing to extreme darkness, and made another hole; then thrashing my arms for some time, again ventured to lay down, covering myself, as before, with sand, to resist the cold. Such was my bed, and such the manner in which I passed another night, and stood the 'pelting of the pitiless storm.'

In the morning I looked around and observed I had got over to the other side of the hillock, in sight of a low, marshy country, intermixed with low shrubbery, but saw no sign of habitation or cattle. I then took a survey of myself, and I truly looked like nothing human, or in the likeness of any thing upon earth or the waters beneath. My wounds were filled with sand, as were also my eyebrows, hair, beard and whiskers; my leg swelled to the plumpness of a wool sack, my left wrist out of joint, and the hand swelled and wholly useless; my feet were swelled and wrinkled like tripe, from remaining so long in the water, and painful from several wounds;\* and a ragged shirt, torn in my struggles,

\*A splinter of considerable length was taken from one of them twenty days afterwards, at Monte Video.

scantily covered a body discolored and sadly disfigured; I was, indeed, a figure too shocking even to excite pity, too disabled to excite fear, and too monstrous for any sensation but astonishment. I descended the slope of the hill and entered among the bushes that grew around, and slowly moved along for some time, till I espied at some distance, through the grass, a low hollow, that I thought might contain water, for my thirst was intolerable. In half an hour, resting at intervals, I reached it, and found, to my great joy, that I was not deceived; it was water! clear and tempting; but the difficulty was to get at it. I at first tried several different plans to get my mouth to the brook, for my limbs were too lame and stiff to bend. At last, by laying at length on the grass and rolling up to it, I succeeded. It was the most delicious draught I ever tasted! I drank an immoderate quantity, breathed awhile, and drank once more, not knowing when I should drink again. Looking about me, I saw nothing but what indicated a barren and inhospitable waste; I was therefore compelled to wend my way over the sand, and return to my old abode; a tedious and difficult task, which, however, I surmounted, and reached the beach about noon. The weather was still inauspicious and cloudy, the gale not much abated, and the sea continued to roar.

While descending the slope, I had seen among the great mass of articles on the beach, a large empty wine pipe, which lay but a short distance

below me, with one head stove in by the sea, the other end facing the wind and water; and the mouth near the hill, which was a snug shelter in front. This was a fine house for me, and fortunately just what I needed. I hitched myself towards it, entered it and laid down, being very weak and fatigued; but I soon found the rough staves too hard for my bare bones and bruised carcase. I shortly after sallied out in search of a covering, and in hopes of finding some bed, mattress or blanket among the wreck, I took a survey on each side, and saw at a distance, on my right, something that looked like a bed, but on coming up to it, I found only a sack of cotton wool, wet and heavy, which I could not remove; I then returned to the cask, having reluctantly left it, as it was my only hope. I rested awhile, and then took another survey, and soon saw, at a great distance down the beach, on my left, towards the water, some rolls of cotton bagging, of which we had a great number on board, and again started out in pursuit. I was a long time in getting to them, and then found them so buried in the sand that I was an hour in digging and clearing it away from around them. It was now, I judged, about four, P. M. They were two large rolls, like bed ticking, with about twenty yards of one rolled round the other and sewed. I tore away the stitches with my teeth and unrolled one from the other, and found the inner one still wet. I pushed it down and rolled it along before me, hitching myself up to it, and

then pushing it from me again. Thus I got it to the cask and across its mouth; getting into which, I unrolled eight or ten fathoms, then laying down in the cask, pushed and spread it as well as I could underneath me; I then unrolled as much more by the help of my feet, and covered myself with it, though it was still wet, and covered, as was every thing else, with sand. I now thought myself very well off, and my situation very comfortable, compared with that of the last thirty hours. Darkness soon came on, and during this night extreme and raging thirst kept me awake, and pain kept me constantly shifting positions. Such to me appeared the endless duration of the night, that for many hours before day-break, I firmly believed, and was greatly alarmed by the apprehension, that light would never again revisit the earth; and that darkness had regained its primeval empire. I watched away the night in insufferable thirst, which I thought would drive me to distraction; a fever was raging within me, and I would have given my all for one poor draught of water. Daylight, at last, slowly dawned forth, and as my limbs were too feeble to undertake a journey to the watering place, I resolved to break in upon the wine, and to search for a pipe that had its bung inclining downwards, that the wine might flow, if I could hammer it out. My hunger, too, was loudly craving; on my way to the wine, I found an orange broken open and filled with sand, which I greedily devoured, and hitched

along; soon after, I fell in with a quantity of kegs of salmon, and found one with the head out, and partly filled with sand; nevertheless, I resolved to take it with me, and fill it with wine. I was in fact surrounded at this place with different parts of the cargo. At a short distance from me, strewed upon the beach, were nearly 150 pipes of wine, kegs of butter, barrels of flour, baskets of pork, bales of goods, &c., different fragments of the wreck without number. In passing the kegs of butter and baskets of pork, my hunger compelled me to claw out a handful of each, which my hunger forced down; but the wine which I afterwards drank, soon threw it out again. Coming to the pipes, I found one that answered, and procuring a billet of wood, struck out the bung of one that inclined downward, and applied my mouth to the hole, drinking a great quantity. I afterwards rinsed the keg with the wine, which contained about a gallon; and nearly filling it with wine, returned with it slowly to the cask, pushing it before me. The gulls overhead, were noisy and clamorous, and seemed to anticipate the meal they should make of me. This keg I at last brought to the cask, to my great satisfaction; set it outside, crawled in, and began to ruminate upon my condition. I found it would be impossible, without succor, to move much longer about, and determined to remain at home during the remainder of the day; and if sufficient strength remained on the morrow, to rig a kind of signal, with a pole



or spar, as my only chance of relief, with a piece of cotton bagging, for a flag, that if any vessel appeared near enough, she might observe it from the river. I at first had serious thoughts of endeavoring to get off the small boat, which I could discover at a great distance, bottom up, and to rig a kind of sail, and steer up the river; but on looking at my limbs, and having but one leg and arm serviceable, I immediately abandoned the project; I knew too, that my time was short; I knew that the next day I should be unable to make a farther search than I had done for provisions, as the method of getting along was slow and painful; I had frequently to stop and thrash myself, from the cold. Added to this, nothing was more probable than that the first savage who should discover me, would instantly despatch me, as an impediment to plunder. I expected no less, and that my fears were not groundless, the sequel too mournfully shows; but a certain presentiment of brighter hours, still upheld my spirits, which were never less depressed than upon this occasion. I remembered that the Great Director still had not forsaken me, since 'God is ever present, ever felt, in the wide waste as in the full city,' and I could not doubt that he He whose outstretched arm had preserved me through the conflict of that dreadful night, would not now leave me to a miserable death. I was now more comfortably situated than at any former period; I had a covering inside, and a keg of good wine outside. Every

thing considered, I determined to wait with humble hope, the will of heaven; I was resigned and cheerful, and even sung, and was happy. After this, by repeated drinking, owing to excessive thirst, I was thrown into a doze of about half an hour.

It was now three days and nights since I had taken food, and my taper of life began to glimmer in the socket. How I survived these scenes of accumulated misery so long, when but barely alive on reaching the shore, I scarcely can tell; the retrospect even now astonishes me. But frail mortality could resist no longer; my strength had utterly failed, and at this period I abandoned all hope of again leaving the pipe.

The day was declining apace, and I expected not to behold another dawn. I hailed the approaching night as the termination of my toils; considered the mean covering over me as my shroud, the cask as my coffin, and waited with fortitude the hour of dissolution. But the next was the hour of deliverance!

At four o'clock, on this afternoon, (Saturday, the 20th of September,) as I was stretched out in the cask, indulging in recollections of home, I was aroused from my reveries by the startling sound of a horse's feet. I waited his approach with calmness, being absolutely indifferent in my choice, to sleep or die;—the sounds grew louder and nearer—in a few moments a horse with a rider appeared before the cask. I hailed in Spanish, faintly, "amigo," (friend,)—he instantly alighted,

but struck with such a ghastly spectacle as I then exhibited, he started as he stooped down to observe me, and recoiled backwards against his horse. Recovering soon, however, from his dismay, by seeing my helpless condition, he re-advanced to learn by what means I had outlived the general wreck. He was a young man of benevolent features, a Creole, or half Indian, and dressed partly in the Indian method. I told my tale in a few words, to which he listened with breathless attention, and concluded by asking him the distance to a habitation; and if it was possible that he could furnish means for reaching one the next day, as I had no idea but that he came from a great distance. 'In a few hours,' he replied; 'before night, I can return with horses and assistance, as my mother's rancho, (or hut) is not more than one league distant.' After a few more questions, he expressed his surprise at my providential rescue, crossing himself repeatedly at every 'hair breadth 'escape,' and blessed St. George, as my special preserver. It was lucky, he said, that I spoke his language so well; that I was very fortunate in being discovered by him, whose mother, he said, lived at the nearest habitation, whither I should be conveyed; assuring me if I had fallen into the hands of the savages, they would certainly have despatched me, for they were merciless and ferocious. But first says he, I will bring you something to eat, for you look half starved;' so saying, he jumped upon his horse, and was soon

out of sight. His period of absence, seemed to me an age. A prospect of deliverance, of once more beholding my country, had lighted up a hope within me, and again I feared he might prove a deceiver.

In about an hour, however, he appeared, and the foam of his good horse bore witness that he had lost no time. He jumped from his steed, and threw into my lap, as I sat upright in the cask, a warm sausage, and some mouldy bread, wrapped up in a napkin. I greedily seized the food, thinking I could devour it at once; but was surprised to find I could not swallow a mouthful, my throat being contracted, closed and sore.

He now informed me, that on his first coming down to the beach, he had passed the pipe in which I was laying, without suspicion, at a distance upon his left, as he rode near the water; that he saw the beach covered for a great length with numberless articles of the wreck, and that he had been greatly disconcerted on finding the sand dug away from around a roll of cotton, and one carried off, and no marks of footsteps, or any thing living, excepting the sea gulls—that he had seen but one corpse, and that of one of the sailors; that a great many chests, trunks, &c. he had likewise seen; some half buried in the sand; others broken open by the sea; but many that were locked and entire, and that if I wished, he would search for my own, if I would describe it, and draw it up before the cask. I told him that my chests were unlocked at the time we

struck, and of course the contents were scattered and sunk. He however rode away to a great distance, and drew up at repeated times, several chests and trunks, belonging to the passengers and seamen, saying that there were many more, but at such a distance, so buried, or so heavy, that he could not drag them along. He asked me for several pieces of clothing, which he had picked up. I told him to keep whatever he pleased, as none could dispute his right to them. He then began to plan the means for my removal; I thought it most practicable that he should empty one of the largest chests of its contents, and that I should get inside, and his horse should draw me over the plains. This he told me was impossible, from the shrubs and marshes and pools, which obstructed the path. I left it then wholly to his care, as my head was far too heavy to talk or to reason; and from previous exertion, even fell back into the cask. My friend then made his lasso (a line of green hide, with which they catch wild horses,) fast to the handle of the largest trunk, and with an assurance that he would soon return, drove off. I listened with painful feelings to the sound of the horse's retreating footsteps; for on him alone rested my hope of deliverance.

Shortly after he had gone, a *guàcha*, a savage of fierce and murderous countenance, rode up and alighted from his horse in great haste, and roughly asked, 'quien es usted?' I replied, 'un marinero

naufraço; 'es usted el capitán?' 'no,' I answered; 'estoy el piloto,' and that I had previously been discovered by a paysano, who had just left me to return with assistance. He demanded the road he took; I told him, when he leaped upon his horse and galloped off in the direction the other had taken.

It seems, as my deliverer afterwards informed me, that this savage came up with him and endeavored by entreaties and threats, to dissuade him from his design of assisting me; saying I had better be despatched and buried in the sand, and then there would be none to dispute the right of plunder. But my deliverer told him that the chief was already acquainted with the affair, as well as his father and others, who were even then preparing to go down to the beach; on hearing this, he lost no time, but turning his horse, hastily spurred off in an opposite course.

During the absence of my friend, my moments in the cask were spent in the most tormenting anxiety and suspense. I had been discovered, contrary to all conjecture, by a friend, instead of an enemy, and one bright ray of hope, which I hardly dared to cherish, had reanimated my soul. Now was the fearful hazard that he should not return with timely succor. I eagerly listened to catch the sound of his returning galloping steed; after a while I heard the approach of several horses; I awaited their appearance with breathless hope, for my life or my death hung upon the moment.

What was my dismay and surprise, at the next moment, on beholding the remorseless face of the same fellow who last had left me! his infernal companions also dismounted, and presented their diabolical visages at the mouth of the cask. For a few moments their ensued a violent and clamorous dispute between them, with horrid grimaces. Resistance was madness; my feelings I will not attempt to describe. Suddenly I saw their faces turned to one direction; they instantly sheathed their knives, and sprang toward their horses and vanished.

In a moment, my friend, accompanied by his father and three slaves, alighted from their horses. They immediately set about removing me gently from the cask, while Pedro, (the name of my discoverer,) breaking open a passenger's trunk, that lay near, advised me to permit him to draw over me some of the apparel; alleging, that in my present appearance, I should be taken by the inhabitants for a common sailor; but if clothed in a decent manner, I should gain among them more advantage, respect and security. I, therefore, seated on the sand, suffered the painful operation of dressing. A surtout and waistcoat was got over me, but my leg being so greatly swelled, prevented my getting over it any thing but a pair of loose drawers. I was then carefully lifted on the back of the horse; my attentive friend Pedro leaped up before me; holding on to him, I had strength sufficient to keep myself in an upright position.

I had just been seated on the back of the animal, when the general, who commanded the troops in this quarter, appeared with a guard of soldiers, and several others. He took me kindly by the hand, promised me his protection, and taking a case bottle of Aguardente from one of the guard, reached it to me; I drank nearly half a pint, and felt much enlivened. He then took off his pancho, or cloak, and threw it over me; asking me if I preferred going to the cottage of the party that had me in care, or to his own quarters. I thanked him, and in reply told him, that these had saved my life, and I could trust them freely, and desired not to leave them. Go on then, said he, con Dios, and to-night I will visit you. We then set forward at a slow pace, travelling along the windings of the beach.

I saw the body of a seaman, but we rode not near enough for me to distinguish his features; he layed upon his back, clothed in a red baize shirt and trousers. I looked around to see if there were others, but my friend assured me there were none. The beach was strewn with the wreck to a great length, lying in every kind of position and in confused masses.

The bright rays of the setting sun, now for a few moments enlivened our path, as we left the beach and turned off into the country, across the plains. A negro preceded us on horseback, to sound the way, as the land was wet and marshy. The raging waves had now subsided to an unruffled calm, and I



cast my eyes mournfully towards that treacherous sea, which now looked so peaceful and flattering.

We arrived at last, about dusk, to a small cottage; having travelled as I computed nearly a league. A number of large dogs gave notice of our approach, but were soon silenced by my companions, who assisted me gently to dismount. I was welcomed with many blessings by an old woman; carried into her hut, seated in a chair, some clothing was brought forward, and I soon felt the comfort of a dry shirt. 'I have no beef or mutton in the house,' says the old woman, for the army take all our beasts; but we have some fowls, which may do as well. I was soon put in the only bed in the hut, to me a bed of down; and my kind hostess soon brought me a bowl of good broth. After this, my leg was washed with hot vinegar, and my wounds on my feet dressed as well as circumstances would permit.

This rancho, or hut, was a small place built like all others, of cane, fastened together with strips of green hide, plaistered with mud, and a thatch'd roof. The general came about dark, spent an half hour, and retired. I considered myself as peculiarly fortunate on being now under the care of an old woman, the indispensable attendant in sickness, and alleviator of calamity; developing those endearing and estimable traits of character, usefulness, patience and compassion. My leg was again bathed in hot vinegar, and bandages of woollen applied; and my hostess left me and retired to her repose

During the night I drank a great quantity both of wine and water, which had been set within reach, for my thirst was unquenchable. Two junk bottles of hot water were covered and placed in bed against my feet; which were much swelled, chilled, and wrinkled, and almost without feeling. This sudden application of artificial heat to the blood, though well intended, had a most pernicious effect; corrupting, stagnating, and destroying its natural temperature, and causing great pain; its effects were felt many months afterwards. During the night I slept but little. The rays of the sun breaking into the room, announced the morning of the Sabbath, and I could in truth hail it as a welcome and sweet day of rest.

I now took a view of the apartment and furniture; the room was partly separated by a partition of cane poles, inside of which slept my hostess and her two younger sons, upon the floor; as there was but one bedstead, upon which I lay. Her eldest son, my discoverer, lay near me, wrapped up in his pancho, or blanket; the old man, his father, lived in another hut, at a relations, for fear of the guaches, as he was a Spaniard.

At the further end of the hovel was kept constantly burning upon a table, on each side of a crucifix, two candles; which is the invariable custom when any one lies dangerously sick. A separate hut for the kitchen, was built outside. The furniture consisted of a few hide bottomed chairs, some

hide sacks and baskets, a hide sieve, and several other necessary articles, of which hide was the principal material. During the day, I inquired of the old woman of the state of affairs about the country, and at Monte Video. She told me that the Portuguese were kept close within its walls by the natives; and that any communication between the city and country was very precarious and difficult, as a great animosity subsisted between them. Pedro at this time had mounted his cavallo, and taken an excursion to the beach; towards night he entered the hut, bringing in a hide sack of flour from the wreck, which he had drawn away by the aid of his horse; and soon after, brought in several other articles, such as bottles of wine and cordial, a keg of butter; some rum, and a keg of wine from a cask—these he stowed away in the interior of the hut, and then took his seat at my bedside as usual.

In conversation, he expressed to me his fears of the intemperate and remorseless guachas, whom he said, valued the life of a person no more than that of a dog; that they were unsettled, roving, and lived upon plunder. To beguile the evenings of my tedious confinement, he would also relate to me the products of the country, its animals, &c.; a choice horse might be bought for a dollar, though a bad saddle would cost twenty. Ostriches were plenty in the neighborhood, valuable only for their eggs and feathers, of which they made fans and dusters. The nature of this bird, he said, was very

singular, and he had often watched at a distance their method of depositing their eggs; the bird, after assuring herself of being unnoticed, would scratch a hole in the sand, deposite her egg, and carefully covering the place, retreat slyly to the thicket, and leave to the sun the care of hatching them.

The next day, the general came again, bringing with him several bottles of wine and cordial, which he had taken from the wreck.

A country fellow came in soon after, an acquaintance of my hostess; and she offered him a draught of the cordial. I shall never forget the inexpressible contortions of countenance, the heartfelt smack, the exclamation of wonder and relish with which he swallowed his glass of liquor, of the taste of which, he had before no conception.

I desired the general to inform me if it was possible to send a letter to Monte Video. He told me it was difficult, as there was but little intercourse; but that he knew of a patriot officer, who, having a passport, would go in a few days to the city. I therefore, the day following, procured of the old woman, materials for writing, and a chopping block. This I placed between my legs on the bed, and began writing; it was a tedious business, and I could sit up no longer than to write one line at a time. I however finished this necessary duty, and wrote two letters; one directed to W. P. White, Esq., the only person I was acquainted with at Monte Video, whom I had formerly known in the cap-

ital; and another to the owners in Buenos Ayres. I briefly related the loss of the ship, the fate of the crew, my own situation; and advising something to be done to save the property; of which a greater part had been washed ashore. These I gave to the girl, who in two days forwarded them to the capital.

Pedro, during this day, was still employed, assisted by the two slaves, in recovering articles and provisions, from the beach; which he said was now covered with the natives, who were breaking open trunks, chests, and bales of goods; staving in the pipes of wine, when any one wanted to drink; and exhibiting a confused scene of plunder, fighting, and wanton waste of goods; of which they knew not the value.

Getting drunk with the wine, on the beach, they frequently came to the cottage, and with brutal language and savage gestures, threatened the lives of its generous inhabitants.

As his mother was once bringing in some cakes for me from the kitchen, the ruffians snatched them from her hand; then entering the kitchen, seized and devoured what victuals were there, and threw away the plates.

She one day entered with tears in her eyes, and told me she was sadly afraid of her life and my own, from the Indians; they were very bad men;—and she had overheard a parley between them, of breaking into the hut during the night, to plunder and murder. Indeed, their looks alone spoke their

savage character; for often, at times, laying on my bed, I have observed them attentively, as they would sometimes venture into the hut; and I never saw such rascally and ugly looking fellows. They were generally of large size, long black hair, hanging like snakes down their shoulders; thick bushy beard and mustachios; a coarse blanket or pancho wrapped round their waist; another with a hole in the middle, through which they thrust their heads; a turban or checked handkerchief on their heads; horse skin boots, stripped raw from the animal's leg, and worn raw into the shape of the feet. These, with a sword nearly a fathom long, in an iron scabbard, gave them a most hideous appearance; they indeed looked like demons. All wore long knives stuck into a sheath, in the blanket behind, which they made use of for every purpose; to kill, cut up beef, eat with, and stab their fellow creatures.

The friendly general again came in the evening, attended by several soldiers; and at his departure, left a guard of three at our earnest request, who were well armed, for our defence. This military officer, whose name was Ortugues, appeared much like one of our own country farmers, excepting his formidable iron scabbard sword. His dress was a short jacket of coarse blue, over which was thrown his pancho, or square cloak, drab velvet breeches, and long boots; he seemed a well meaning and benevolent man; but no ways capable of commanding a horde of vagabond marauders, whom he was or-

ganising into an army, for the defence of the country, against the encroachments of the Portuguese.

The cause of the Indians' animosity and attempts to attack and plunder, was, that they suspected as Pedro was the first who had discovered the wreck on the beach, he had the first chance of booty, and of course had obtained a great quantity of gold, silver, and other valuable property; and had secreted them in the cottage. Impressed with this notion, which I believe was false and groundless, they made several nightly attempts to force the door, but were repulsed by the guard.

I passed these days very unquietly at the cottage, and time seemed to roll most tediously slow. The old lady had some cigars and old books, and I endeavored, by smoking and reading, to beguile the hours. The books, though some were an hundred and fifty years old, were not uninteresting. They consisted partly of the 'Lives of the Martyrs;' 'Sermons by a Priest at Madrid;' and a large volume of the 'History of the Conquest of Peru.'

In the evening, Pedro would take his seat at the bedside, and amuse and interest me by his conversation. On an occasion like this, he said, he would relate the following tale, which before he had no opportunity to do. It shows that my discovery and rescue were wholly owing to a circumstance purely fortuitous and accidental.

'Early in the morning of Thursday,' said he, 'two days before you were found on the strand, a soldier

of the army of Artigas was strolling on horseback nearer the beach than they usually travel. At about a mile from the scene of the wreck, he discerned in a small cove at the river side, something on the beach; and as it was uncommon to observe any object breaking the uniformity of the sandy plain, he resolved to ride down and examine it. It proved to be one of the kegs of butter, nearly the size of a half barrel, which had been separated by the sea from the other drifting articles, and washed and lodged into this little bay. The soldier alighted from his horse, turned it over, but could not tell what it contained. It being heavy, and thinking it of little value, he left it and rode away. Some time after, in his return, he came near our cottage; he had before frequently stopped here; and now resolved to go in. In the course of conversation with me, on different affairs, he mentioned the discovery, at the river side, of a small barrel, very heavy; containing he knew not what, and supposed it to have drifted ashore from some vessel. Soon after, he left the cottage, and proceeded on his journey. That day and the next, being very stormy, cold and rainy, prevented me from going abroad. On Saturday the weather was still unfair, but at noon it began to clear away. I mounted my cavallo in the afternoon, and took a ride in the direction described by the soldier, in search of the keg he had spoken of. This I soon saw at the edge of the water, and supposing that this was not all that had



been driven ashore by the storm, I was induced to make a further search; and recollecting that the wind had been for several days blowing obliquely up the river, I concluded to shape my course down the sea side for new discoveries. Accordingly, I rode on a great distance, without seeing any thing else, and was on the point of returning; when, on winding round a small point of land, I plainly saw at a short distance a thousand vestiges of the wreck covering the beach. I rode slowly through them, near the edge of the water, stopping at times to view them, but not dismounting. I passed the cask you lay in, which I saw was thrown very high up the beach. 'It was rather strange,' said he, 'that you did not hear my horse's steps.' I told him I did not; for the tread on the sand was not loud, and the roar of the sea might serve to prevent it. 'I traversed the whole length of the beach, and frequently stopped to examine different objects of the wreck. I had probably been half an hour on the beach, before I had a thought of one alive so near me.' I told him I was, during the period of his survey, lying quietly in the cask, without a hope of again leaving it, and wholly unconscious deliverance was so near. 'In returning,' he continued, 'I was passing close to the sand hill between the banks and your place of shelter, and should have passed the cask, if I had not heard a hollow voice from within.' I inquired if the roll of bagging across the pipe's mouth, did not attract his notice.

'No, my friend pilota,' said Pedro, 'I should certainly have rode on without regarding it; for I had seen a hundred things just before, in equally curious positions. Your voice alone, which started me at first, caused me to dismount, and look into the cask; and my God, I shall never forget the sight as long as I live.' What a scene was this for the pencil of the painter!

On the eve of about the fourth day, I asked Pedro, if any of the bodies had washed ashore, besides the one we saw. He replied, not one; and wondered how that alone should be cast so far on shore.

I told him I presumed it was one of the stoutest of the seamen, who had fortunately cleared himself from the ship, without much damage, and had resolutely continued 'breasting the lofty surge,' till he reached the middle of the breakers; when, being there overpowered, he expired and sunk; and the force of the waves then propelled the body to the shore before it descended to the bottom.

It is surprising that human bodies will, when dead, sink and continue at the bottom, unmoveable; while other substances, of much greater proportionate weight, will be thrown on shore by the sea.

My friend brought in, and shew me, at different times; large detached pieces of iron; and ring bolts, &c. which he found half buried in the sand.

I was now slowly gaining strength; but each returning day brought fresh alarm from the murder-

ous designs of the villain guachas. On the fourth night they went to the next hut upon the beach, about four miles off, where dwelt a poor and harmless family, and robbed it of every thing valuable, or worth taking; mortally stabbed the father; bound his daughters, and brutally abused them. One of them, an interesting white girl, came the next day to our hut, for some relief, and told in tears the dreadful story.

I had about this time, a great many visitors, who all considered me highly favored by my patron saint, to whom they attributed my hair breath escapes. Among them, were many old women, who came from a distance, and travelled on horseback, about the country, bartering their commodities.

A consultation was once held by them, respecting my fever, leg, and bruises; and they recommended a large leaf of an herb, which grows in that country; which, dipped in hot oil and vinegar, had a wonderful and salutary effect when applied to my limb; although the application caused a most uneasy sensation, combined with suffocating pain during two nights; the swelling greatly subsided, excepting about the bend of the knee. During this, for five days, I could lie in only one position in bed, and that on my right side; my wounded leg lying on pillows; the knee bent about half way; in which unvaried bend, it remained in fact, more than a month.

I could instantly perceive a change of wind, on the least motion; and once on moving, when the

wind had shifted to the north, the effect was so electric as to cause me to scream aloud. And when, at last, I was compelled to relieve for a moment my painful and palsyng posture, it was the task of half an hour to turn myself in bed.

My appetite, at this time, had become insatiate, and though I could not get so much to eat as I wanted, owing to the care of my old nurse, I ate great quantities, and drank all that came within my reach; keeping bottles of liquor under my pillow, for my night supply. The smallest lad's chief occupation was to bring in water; of which, during the twelve days I remained here, I believe I drank fifty gallons, besides half a dozen bottles of cordial, a dozen of wine, ten gallons of port, in a keg, and several bottles of other liquors; all of which Pedro had saved from the beach.

My condition appeared to engross all the attention of my kind hostess, and occupy all her care and time. She never entered the apartment, nor went to sleep, without the kind question of 'que quero usted, pilota?' (what is wanting;) and the answer was usually, 'water.'

I asked her one afternoon what reward she expected, or what recompense I should give; or what return I could make, for her untiring goodness. 'Speak not of it, Don Horky,' said she; 'who can tell but that my son Pepe, may go to other countries by sea, and be shipwrecked, and cast ashore, and that your mother may then do that and more,

for him, than I am doing now for you.' It was an answer heartfelt, I believe, by us both, though I smiled to think on the improbability that Pedro could be thrown ashore in a storm, upon a wharf in Boston.

This family had lived many years happily and comfortably in Monte Video, previous to its surrender to the Patriots, in 1813; but were then compelled to quit their home; and since that period, had suffered, as well as many other families, all the hardships to which their adhesion to the cause of old Spain, exposed them. The old man, her husband, was in constant fear of his life; and during my stay at the hut, which drew many unwelcome visitors, appeared only once or twice, and then only in the evening; living otherwise, as before mentioned, at a relation's, concealed.

On the second evening, he came and inquired of his wife about me, as follows: 'Bien,' says he, 'como esta su huesped?' 'mucho mejor,' she replied; 'tiene gano muy vivo para beber y comer;' 'esta christiano?' he asked, which made me smile. 'Sin duda,' she replied; 'todas son christianos en Norte America;' 'como los Inglesas y el pilota sabe las nombres de to das los santas, y puede repeto el credo catolico.' 'Dios le guarda,' he replied; and to me, 'a Dios, usted le passa bein;' so saying, he left the cottage.

On inquiring my health, and asking if I was a christian, she answered, 'much better;' and doubtless a christian, as all in America, as well as the

English, were christians; and that as evidence, I could repeat the Catholic creed, and knew the names of all the saints; for which he bestows his benediction.

When at times I would whistle and sing, to beguile the pain, my hostess would ask the reason. I told her I did so to kill the pain. But I saw she often thought from my strange behaviour, that my fever and pain had rendered me delirious. My apprehensions, however, in this weak state, and nervous debility of body and mind, gave me incessant and tormenting anxiety.

The close of each day gave rise to painful fears, for the events of the dreaded night; expecting constantly the breaking in of the guachas; and knowing too well their merciless ferocity. The nightly barking of the watchful dogs, giving notice of their approach, sounded in my ears like a summons bell, tolling for execution. I was not certain of living out an hour, nor was my chance of life of the value of a shilling.

One night, when all had retired to rest, and the guards lay snoring upon the floor, the dogs set up a roaring yell, and we soon after heard the tread of heavy footsteps, and violent thumping at the door. Pedro, who lay at my side, aroused the guards and opened it; while the soldiers and my hostess prepared for defence.

I saw by the moonshine, five hideous looking fellows, armed with swords and bayonets, standing before the door. A sharp parley ensued between

them and the guard. They said that they had orders to search the hut for any money or valuables, that the pilota, (myself,) might have recovered from the wreck. But the guard presenting their pieces, told them it was all false, and a contrivance to plunder; as they themselves were placed there by the General for my defence, and they would directly fire upon them, unless they instantly made off.

At this, they thought proper to make a speedy retreat, stealing in their way a horse from the field.

I was now in anxious and daily expectation of some persons from Monte Video, to convey me from this fearful situation and dangerous abode. On the eighth day, I was agreeably relieved, by the arrival of two clerks, an Englishman and Spaniard, from Monte Video, in consequence of receiving my letters, from the house of the consignees, in order to effect my removal to the city, and also to endeavor to secure some part of the property.

The latter they found totally impossible, nothing of value being now left on the strand, as all had been carried up country, by the natives.

I was extremely rejoiced at their coming, and we were soon concerting plans for my departure. Lines and posts of defence had been established between Toledo, the place where I was, and Monte Video, and these prevented any cattle or provisions being carried from the country to the Portuguese, in the city, whom they considered as invaders.

Oxen, therefore, not being allowed to pass into the city, mules not here to be procured, it was at last agreed that they should return to Monte Video, and send down a cart with mules, from the city. They slept one night at the hut, and on the next day, Sunday, departed; having seen sufficient of the character of the natives, and glad they had escaped the knives of the guachas, and vowing they would not venture their lives again among such a murderous crew, for the value of a ship and cargo.

On the eve of the next day, Monday, Pedro brought in the trunk which he had drawn from the beach at my desire, at the time of my discovery, and now opened it to examine what articles it might contain. He told me he had hitherto kept it secreted in the grass, in the rear of the cot; and had not dared to take out any articles to dry for fear of the deserters and Indians; for should they discover any thing valuable hanging out, they would certainly steal it, and search the house for more. But none of them being now near the house, he had brought it in to the side of the bed, for my inspection.

It was a large black English iron-bound trunk, of the largest size, containing every article of clothing, but no money. These were all thoroughly wet, and many indelibly spotted and mildewed, the effects of the salt water. This stock of apparel was at this time a great acquisition to me, as



my whole wardrobe consisted of a borrowed shirt.\*

Among the things he handed me, were a set of long muslin curtains for a state room; which the old lady begged I would give to her. And Pedro in his turn, thought that a couple pair of the pantaloons would make him happy as a cavallero; to which I readily assented, and told them I laid claim to nothing but their hospitality, for which I was a constant debtor.

At the bottom was found a large roll of papers, which he handed me, and carefully unrolling them, I expected they were a set of interesting manuscripts; but found them to be only a collection of beautiful colored French engravings; such as the four seasons, twelve months, subjects from scripture, Robinson Crusoe, &c.; in all about forty; which I requested Pedro to hang on a line overhead to dry, which he did. Most of the contents were then stowed again in the trunk, and Pedro dragged it back to its place of concealment.

The next morning I awoke with earnest expectation of the cart from Monte Video; but I waited in vain; and evening brought fresh cause of fear.

During this day, an Irishman, a laborer, who had lived many years in that country, came; and after some conversation with my hostess, requested of her the loan of a spade.

\* This trunk and most of its contents, I brought home with me to Boston; and on emptying it some time since, a quantity of the sand from the eventful beach was found in its crevices.

He said he had but just come from the beach, and that several bodies of my companions lay exposed on the sand, and that the gulls were devouring them; that the Indians were too intent on plunder, and getting intoxicated, to assist in interring them; and that he would again go down to perform this christian office, and bury them in the sand.

An old kind of shovel was mustered for him, and he went off with this laudable design. Returning the next day, he informed me he had buried several, and many bodies had come ashore in a shocking state; so broken and bruised that it was impossible to distinguish them; some, he said, were still in the surf, which he could not drag out; and of necessity, had to leave, 'food for gulls;' their bones, doubtless, at this day, lie bleaching on the sand.

I was still waiting with the most painful anxiety, for the arrival of the conveyance from the city; and no poor and condemned malefactor, in hopes of a reprieve, or pardon, ever waited with more emotion the mandate which should restore him his liberty, than I did for a passport and conveyance to the walls of Monte Video.

The cannibals were daily and hourly growing more barbarous; and our danger every moment increased. I had every reason to believe that on this night, they intended to make a desperate attack upon the cottage, and to have murdered all in their power. But Providence otherwise ordered.

About sunset, the little lad came running into

the hut, from his play, exclaiming to his mother, that 'a strange thing was coming towards the house.' My heart throbbed a little at this notice, and soon after, as I hoped for, I was gratified with the entrance of the driver and guide, of the long wished for cart. They were cordially welcomed; and as they slept in the hut, I passed the night with a more temperate feeling, and a mind less apprehensive of a midnight attack.

To death, and to danger the most terrific, I had been exposed, and had faced them with manly firmness. I had escaped from wild beasts, and met the fury of elements, without shrinking; but the horrid prospect of having my flesh gashed and lacerated, by the knives of the savages, gave me infinite anguish; and heated with fever, rage and indignation, I could almost, at times, had it been in my power, have seized indiscriminate destruction, and like Samson of old, have sacrificed my own life to relieve it from such a state of torturing suspense, and to take revenge upon the blood thirsty ruffians; for here were men, if I may so degrade the term, (for they were not indeed in the image of their Maker,) 'more fierce and more inexorable far, than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.'

The twelfth day came, and we were to depart. I hailed it with pleasure, as a day of second deliverance. The guide and the driver were employed in the morning, in lining the side of the cart with rushes, to keep off the wind; they had brought down

with them a bed, with coverings and blankets. The trunk was brought and laid across the fore part of the cart, by Pedro; while his mother was busy in wrapping me up within, for the journey. A great number of blankets and coverings, were also thrown over me. My feet were bound up in woollen, and a flag handkerchief was tied round my head; I had on, likewise, a large coat, loose pantaloons, and flannel underdress. A chair was placed at the hinder part of the cart, which now backed to the door of the cottage, from which I was lifted inside and placed upon the blankets at the bottom.

At parting I shook the hands of the kind old woman, and my deliverer, most heartily. A crowd of grateful recollections stifled for a moment my expressions of gratitude, and started the tears of overpowered feelings. I left them with fervent benedictions, and we drove off slowly on our way.

During our progress, I had leisure to contemplate my hopes and prospects; and my mind wanted no food or exercise in considering this odd journey, and in so odd a company.

The sun beamed forth gloriously, and the day appeared delightful; and though I could not yet hear the busy hum of men, yet the cheering music of the feathered warblers, the sight of the vast plains on one side, and the boundless expanse of the great La Plata on the other; the novelty of my situation, the memory of past dangers, the many aids of Providence, whose unseen hand had protected me thus

far, and the hopes of future comforts yet in store, led my thoughts to adore that great and benevolent Being, without whose notice, not even a sparrow falls to the ground.

Nothing remarkable, excepting one unlucky accident, happened on the road, which was the loss of the engravings. The guide, who was an ill looking and suspicious fellow, who lived in the vicinity, had collected them from the lines in the hut, and put them under the bed at the tail of the cart. When about half way on our journey, he suddenly dropped astern, and saying he could go on no farther, pulling out the prints, thrust them into his bosom, galloped off and vanished.

We were interrogated at the lines by some officers, who came out of a decent house by the roadside, as we were now near the city, who asked many questions, and allowed us freely to proceed; in a short time we gained sight of the gates of Monte Video; at which we at last arrived about 2 o'clock, P. M. Here I was also stopped by a number of Portuguese officers, who were tall and well looking men, who asked also many questions, having previously heard of the shipwreck; they expressed themselves glad to see me, and we drove into the city.

The streets were not paved, but contained many large loose stones; and the jolting of the cart over them, which now went at a smart trot, gave me a severe shaking. The novelty of the sight drew many of the females to the windows; and I beheld

many wondering and fair faces, as I lay on my back in the cart, exposed to the view of those above me.

We stopped at the house of an English merchant, the consignee, who immediately came out, and with many friendly congratulations, personally assisted his slaves in carrying me up stairs; passing along on the flat roof of the lower story, round the court yard, in the centre, to a small handsome chamber in the rear, which had been previously fitted up for the use of one of our passengers. His family consisted of his wife, likewise English, and an interesting and beautiful child, of about three years old. His lady, (whom Heaven bless,) was constant in her acts of kindness. I found I could not support myself in a chair, for this was the first time, since the disaster, that I had made the attempt, and was therefore helped to undress, and assisted to bed. This night I slept for the first time soundly; for I had reached the desired place of security, and my dreams were not disturbed by the clamor of the guachas.

The next day, my trunk was opened, and the clothes washed and put up in the neatest order. Two whole pieces of black bombazette, and several dozen of white cotton hose and socks, were likewise found in it; which were sold, and brought me about thirty dollars.

Here I was confined for nearly thirty days, and my leg shrunk in that time to as great an extreme as it was swelled before. By unexampled kindness,

I daily and rapidly improved; and in three weeks was able to leave the room, and sit outside of the chamber, upon the walk.

One of the owners of the ship happening at this time to be in Monte Video, instantly came to visit me, and hear the account of the loss of his ship. When I had repeated the occurrences, and related the hospitality of the old woman at the cottage, he immediately proposed a subscription among the merchants for her recompense, generously and nobly disregarding his own loss, though he was owner of half of the ship, and uninsured. There came also next day, notaries to take my deposition on oath, respecting the cause of the ship's being thrown ashore. It was accordingly set down as occasioned by the violence of the storm.

I was often solicited by my kind friends, to have medical assistance; but this I constantly refused. I had never occasion for a physician, having, doubtless unreasonably, a prejudice against them; nature therefore took her course, and my leg, though once threatened with amputation, grew daily stronger; to the surprise of all who first witnessed my situation, and slowly resumed its natural shape; and in six weeks, I was able to take the salutary exercise of a walk, with a cane; to ride a short distance upon a gentle horse, and shortly after, eat at their table.

Gratitude must here be allowed a digression, to give vent to her feelings, and to prevent her devoirs at the shrine of benevolence. While under this hos-

pitable roof, all that could contribute to alleviate pain; every thing that could add to my convenience and comfort; kindness, which anticipated my wishes, I enjoyed in its fullest extent. Though a distressed foreigner, I was treated as a brother; and though a stranger, ever welcome to their board. For three weeks, while on the bed of friendship, I was visited at the first dawn of the morning by the worthy merchant, who with his own hands would dress my wounds, thus emulating the example of the good Samaritan.

His name, JOHN L. DARBY, Esq. I with pleasure record. A name well known to the mercantile community, at Monte Video; and while life continues, will with me be held dear.

It would be well, if I could here conclude, and the hapless tale could now be ended. But as a faithful narrator, I am constrained to give its melancholy sequel.

After I had been in Monte Video about six weeks, I received the shocking intelligence, that on the night of the same day on which I left the cottage, the merciless savages attacked and entered the hut of the old woman, and finding no opposition, as the guards had withdrawn to the encampment, plundered the hut of all she possessed, wounded the slaves who opposed them, and after repeatedly stabbing my worthy deliverer, finished with cutting his throat from ear to ear! How just are the words of the poet,

‘The ways of heaven are dark, and intricate;  
Man, puzzled in mazes and perplexed with errors,



Sees not with how much art the windings turn,  
Nor when the regular confusion ends.'

I was now rapidly gaining strength; my leg I could bear my weight on; and after remaining here two months, I was strong enough to take passage for Buenos Ayres, distant about a hundred and ten miles, farther up, and on the opposite side of the river.

I arrived the next day, and found a great number of old acquaintance, who were very kind and friendly. A subscription paper was immediately handed round among the English merchants, by the goodness of the owners, Messrs. McFARLANE and EASTMAN, to whose friendship I must ever remain indebted; and several hundred subscribed in an hour, and collected for my benefit. About two hundred were also collected for the benefit of the old woman at the hut, and two hundred more previously in Monte Video, and sent down to her.

I remained some months on account of lameness. in Buenos Ayres, and applied for a passage in the Congress, Captain Sinclair, which was at that time ready to return home with the three commissioners which she conveyed out; but failing in this, I soon after had an application to the birth of first officer of a large ship; the Manhattan, of 700 tons, sent from the United States to be sold. Not succeeding in the sale, I entered on board an Enserada, and we proceeded to fit her for her return home in ballast.

On the 11th of July, 1818, we left the *La Plata*, and in forty days had sight of Bermudas. On the 12th of September, we anchored off Fort Henry, at Baltimore. I was detained here much against my will, twenty days, in settling the ship's accounts, taking an inventory, &c. and she was publicly sold.

On Sunday morning, October 4th, I arrived at my native place, Boston, after an absence of over two years; when I fully experienced the truth of the observation, that the unavoidable evils and misfortunes of life, afford by their contrast, a ten fold relish to its comforts, which are many, but which before were unprised.

The meeting of relatives must be conceived. I will only add, that safe in the embrace of parents and friends, forgotten like a dream, **WERE THE PERILS OF THE OCEAN.**

## **APPENDIX.**



## THE SEA.....A SONG.

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### FIRST VOICE.

How frightful the sea!—how appalling and wild!—  
With the howl of the tempest, the roaring waves pil'd,  
And the black clouds contending together!

### SECOND VOICE.

How fair is the sea!—and its quiet how deep;  
The zephyrs breathe calmly—how soft is its sleep;  
How sweet and inspiring the weather!

### FIRST VOICE.

Here thunders the storm-king, in terror and gloom,  
And soon yonder bark shall encounter her doom—  
Dash'd, a wreck, and be heard of no more!

### SECOND VOICE.

The goddess Delia here trips o'er the sea,  
And yon gallant vessel, so bounding and free,  
Shall, in safety, again greet the shore.

### FIRST VOICE.

The demons of night flap their wings o'er the wave;  
'Tis the shark's dread abode—'tis the sea-monster's cave—  
And perils unnumber'd abound!

### SECOND VOICE.

The rainbow at eve glads the mariner's eye,  
And all the rich hues of a tropical sky,  
Emblazon the horizon round.

## FIRST VOICE.

The same sky above, and the same sea below—  
 Dark or bright, rough or smooth, all the change he can know;  
 For the sight of the land he's in sorrow.

## SECOND VOICE.

No duns here molest, and no creditors sue;  
 His bills are all paid, and his cares are but few,  
 And he smiles at the wants of tomorrow.

## FIRST VOICE.

In his blest dreams of home, he's arous'd from his sleep,  
 From fireside joys, to the roar of the deep;  
 And 'Aloft! meet the storm,' is the cry.

## SECOND VOICE.

To the roar of the tempest he carelessly sings;  
 No fears to disturb, in his hammock he swings,  
 And visions of home hover nigh!

## FIRST VOICE.

See the lover and friend, and the mother in tears!  
 Dread sea, thou hast ruin'd the promise of years,  
 And thy cruelty long they deplore.

## SECOND VOICE.

Hark! the archangel's trump shall one day thro' the deep,  
 Wake to life and to light, the long lost ones that sleep,  
 And old ocean her dead shall restore!

## RIO JENEIRO.

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RIO JENEIRO, in English, the River January—probably so called from the month in which it was discovered—embraces the varied prospect of a bay incomparable in scenery, a smooth harbor, variegated with many pleasant little islands, which secure and embellish it; the shores on every side teeming in luxuriant vegetation, and where nature, dressed always in the robe of spring—gay as in her prime—sports in all her youthful vigor and beauty. On first beholding this coast, the mind of a stranger is struck with wonder and pleasure—he beholds mountains piled on mountains, of every shape and posture—some bending their enormous heads, as if to awe the lesser hills below, or rising in majestic pomp far above the highest range of clouds, which float and curl, like misty veils, around them. The city, St. Sebastian, is surrounded with a range of these high mountains, which rise at a short distance in the interior, and enclose it as in a semicircle. This barrier prevents the circulation of the pure mountain breezes, and occasions a pale and sickly appearance in the sallow complexions of the inhabitants; the streets, too, which appear like lanes to

an European, are narrow, and the houses lofty, which gives them, at first, a wild and gloomy appearance. The buildings are mostly of brick or stone, and plastered; but the eye of the pedestrian is soon diverted from them, and arrested by the endless change in the faces, dresses and complexions of the passing swarms that press about him, and throng this populous, transatlantic city.

Here may be seen at one view, the well-fed priest pushing his fat body along, and the half starved slave who touches his cap to him, though he is sweating under the weight of a puncheon, which he assists in bearing along. The bold free negro, with his cocked hat, and the stiff, proud courtier, with his ribbands and stars; the thievish soldier off duty, watching a group of sailors over their pot of wine, at the chop house; and the strapping female slave, who cries 'aick!' and sells water, the weight of which, in the balanced vessel on her head, would crack any skull of less solidity than her own; the naval captain in his full dress, brushing by a noisy pack of young black children, with no dress at all; the begging friar from the convent, who fills his wallet with provisions, and never knew a different mode of living; the statesman in black, who kisses on his knees at the palace door, the one hand of the prince, while he is eating an apple, a favorite fruit, with the other; the royal guard of grenadiers, whose antique lengthy coats, make them appear like men of other days; the droves of blacks, whose skeleton shapes



bespeak them wretches just released from yonder slave ship—these may be seen at once.

But where, oh, where, is lovely woman? To the face of whom, from the face of naught for tedious months, but boisterous waves and frowning clouds, the seamen with most pleasure turns. But here he turns in vain, for none are seen. The sounds too, which stun him, are as varied as the objects around. The ceaseless clang of a hundred bells, ringing too, rapid as for life and death; the song and chorus of the laboring slaves, at the quay; guns firing, rockets mounting, drums beating, chains clanking, and rocks blowing, would lead a stranger to suppose that they made all this clamor to drive away ennui, and disperse evil spirits.

The queen's garden, at the extremity of the city, appears to merit most attention. It is very spacious, and is bounded on one side by the bay, against the wall of which the surf beats and roars, in great contrast with the scenery within. The walks are very neat, and some charmingly shaded from the sun, cool and solitary. But it is in the country only, outside the town, that the naturalist and admirer of untrammelled nature, may enjoy her richest banquet, for here she spreads her boards with boundless variety. The air, though at first rather too warm, is generally refreshed by the pure breeze of the mountains, and every thing appears bright and beautiful; the mind in the delightful region, unwittingly glows in unison with the cheerful prospect,

and insensibly imbibes the serenity and the grandeur of the surrounding landscapes.

On a Sunday afternoon, I took an excursion up the bay; on landing, I pursued the course of the beach, and was charmed with the stillness and the cheerfulness of the scenery around me. Here the sweet scented lemon tree, the orange, and the lime, extending even to the touch of the wave, afforded a delightful retreat from the blaze of a tropical sun.

The beautiful and nimble lizards, which I had thought repulsive reptiles, were playing about among the stones of the beach. The velocity of their motions, their sudden change of attitude, and their elegant and symmetrical forms—with their little green eyes, pointed noses, taper tails and spotted bodies, afforded a deal of amusement. We then bent our way into the interior. Here we travelled along at the foot of an immense hill, whose sloping sides were covered, as far as the eye could reach, with thick woods of oranges and other tropical fruits.

In a little time we fell in with a party of merry making blacks, of both sexes, who were indulging, in all its glory, the jubilee of a Fandango. This is a sort of African dance of the negroes, of which they are excessively fond; it is performed by numerous evolutions, in which they sometimes join hands and form a circle, in the centre of which, are the indefatigable and sweating musicians, who, with their huge calabashes, kettle drums and reed pipes,

labor to make all the noise—if not the most musical—they possibly can. The dancers, more especially the women, are most fantastically arrayed, having on the head a cap or turban, ornamented with beads, ribbons and small looking glasses; a short, gay dress, a string of beads—negro fine—around their necks, and the wrists and ankles encircled by a string of castanos, a nut shell, the rattle of which, in the dance, keeps time to the music. No one can behold, with unruffled face, or with any degree of gravity, the negro Fandango. The ridiculous dresses, the expressive, though awkward pantomimic motions and gestures, the contortion of features, and the horrid *music*, present a strange and lively picture.

Proceeding a little further, we came in sight of a noble palace, which had been lately built, and which was surrounded by an extensive stone wall, having the grand gate-way, or entrance, arched, and bearing the arms of Portugal and John VI. On arriving at the palace, we found it was built of stone, surrounded by another solid wall. At a short distance, on the right, buildings of brick were erecting for spacious barracks. The situation was commanding and beautiful, and we little expected to enjoy, in a solitary country ramble, where the silence was only interrupted by the singing of birds, the view of so noble an edifice.

On returning, we fell in with a number of female slaves, who were busily employed in washing. They stood in a large square basin of water, at least

three feet deep, and were jabbering and rubbing, with their trays on the banks. The country appeared well watered, and the soil very productive.

In the city, the water is supplied by several public fountains, which are built of stone, in a pyramidal form, from the sides of which, through four spouts, the water is forced out in spattering streams. The principal one is at the head of the palace steps, near the square. The slaves, who get water from this source, to sell about the city, make a great clamor in their contentions about first getting their vessels under the stream.

Notwithstanding the vast crowds which throng the streets, not a woman is to be seen. Although I was at one time on shore daily, for three weeks, I could see no other females than the slaves.— They sometimes, however, take a ramble in the evening, but are so enveloped in cloaks that entirely conceal their form, that a stranger would pass them, and think them men. They may be seen, also, at the gratings of the upper windows on some days of parade and processions, and on Sundays may be seen leaving their palanquins to enter the church; but otherwise are confined, by tyrant custom, to their lone apartments. How different is their fate from that of the perambulators of Broadway and Cornhill! The population, including slaves, probably amounts to eighty thousand. Though there are guard houses for soldiers in many sections, murders are very frequent; so common, indeed,

that the dead body of the unfortunate victim, weltering in blood, is passed by in the street, with, perhaps, the exclamation of 'poor fellow!' but otherwise unheeded and without concern.

There are many foreign merchants who reside here and in the vicinity, several of whom have their families with them; but the state of society must prevent the enjoyment of all social intercourse, and deprive them of those pleasures so necessary to the happiness of domestic life.

Fruits of many kinds, such as oranges, lemons, limes, plantains, bananas, cocoa nuts, &c., are very cheap and plenty. Sugar, rice and tobacco, they raise and export in great quantities; but should some of our chewers of the latter article witness the nauseous method of its manufacture and packing, by the dirty blacks, they would, I think, as I have seen others, eject the quid in disgust. The beef is bad and lean, the cattle being driven before they are killed, a great distance from the interior.

Multitudes of the slaves gain a profit to their owners, by the conveyance of passengers in their canoes, to and from the shipping and the landing places. Their strife for employment is violent and clamorous; but it sometimes happens, if their price of fare—which must be paid on the passage—is not agreed to, the black rogue will dexterously capsize his canoe, tow it quickly to the shore, and leave you to be picked up by the first passing skiff that may take that trouble.

The king's barge is very splendid. His majesty

sometimes takes an excursion round the harbor, attended by his suite, and is rowed by eighty men, having twenty oars on a side, and two men to each. A band of music precedes him, and the numerous barges which follow, all handsomely decorated, form a magnificent spectacle.

On Sundays and other holidays, the church processions are extraordinary. On a Sunday afternoon, soon after my first arrival in Rio Jeneiro, I witnessed a grand example of the above fetes. The streets were thronged with a gaping multitude, who were eager to pay their devotion to the rites of mother church. First in advance appeared a guard of soldiers, marching to slow music; these were followed by a number of citizens, dressed in black, each bearing a long, lighted, wax taper; then came a small guard of soldiers, followed by four beautiful females, dressed in light muslin, having wings of gauze, extended by wires, and crowned with a wreath of flowers, holding in their hands emblems of a harp; and immediately following, under a superb canopy, upheld by eight soldiers, appeared the grand object of all this ceremony, the reverend and holy Father of the church, to whom, as he moved along in mighty pomp and solemn show, the crowd on each side spontaneously dropped and bowed the knee. Another file of soldiers and citizens next came up, followed by the underlings of the church—some of various shades of color, even to sooty black, but who were, notwithstanding, arrayed in clerical robes—brought up the rear of this gorgeous pageant.

## **LA PLATA.**

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IN thirty four degrees south latitude, equi-distant from the equator as New York, is the grand and majestic La Plata. On approaching the river from the sea, the low and level land appears wholly different in appearance from the wild and towering front along the coast of Brazil.

This vast river is a hundred and fifty miles wide at the mouth, and extends, with a gradual contraction and in a winding direction, along the shores of Paraguay, in the heart of South America, a distance of twelve hundred miles. At Monte Video the water is brackish, and cannot be drank, but at a short distance above, though it appears at all times turbid and discolored, as if with the yellow mud at the bottom; the taste is sweet and palatable. A sealing ship was once cast away on the rocks of Faulkland Island, and a few of the hands with difficulty saved themselves in the long boat. Being on a barren land, they resolved, with one barrel of beef, which they had fortunately recovered, and a scanty supply of water, to commit themselves to the mercy of the waves in their frail bark, and pushed for the river of Plate. After a miserable passage and expending

their entire stock of provisions, they arrived at last, even to the inner roads of Buenos Ayres, ascended the deck of the first vessel they saw, and implored, 'in the name of God,' a draught of water!—having traversed over a surface of one hundred miles of good fresh water, for twenty four hours, not apprehending that it was fresh, and sailed dismally over it, perishing with intolerable thirst.

The tides in the river, as far up as Buenos Ayres, are, in general, regular, except when influenced by strong and constant winds, and the rise and fall is about eight or ten feet. The bed of the river is of hard sand, and when the tides are low no boats can come near the shore, and many persons gain a living by conveying goods and passengers from the boats and craft to the shore, which is sometimes a quarter of a mile. The following fact will illustrate the power of the wind upon the water of this river. Many years ago, during the contest with Spain, a Spanish sloop of war was lying in the outer roads, distant at least seven miles from the city. A succession of strong pamperos,\* in a few days laid bare the whole ground of the inner harbor, and the vessels and craft were left motionless and dry. The winds still continuing to roll back the waters, even the proud Spaniard, it was discovered, was laid bare to the keel. Preparations were immediately made by the patriots to attack her, in this her stationary

\* Winds from the pampas or plains.



and perilous situation. A large body of artillerymen, with some pieces of heavy cannon, descended the banks of the river, and were drawn along on the sand by horses, and all the bustle of a march, and preparation for battle, as on the tented field, were seen on ground which the winds had cleared for them, and over which the waves were wont to roar. The astonished Spaniards saw with alarm and consternation, the approach of an enemy on horseback, where a few days before their ship had rode in ten fathoms of water. They, however, prepared for a desperate conflict, being resolved to defend their ship, rather now their castle, to the last. Their fate appeared almost certain; but fortune, for once, favored them, and accomplished more in ten minutes, than their own greatest bravery. The action had commenced, when an unusual shout of triumph from the deck of the Spaniard, caused the assailants to look beyond, when with a dismay like that of Pharaoh's host, they beheld the surge rolling in and roaring towards them! The battle ceased instantly—the alarm was electric—the traces were cut from the cannons—the guns were abandoned—and they galloped off in full retreat, with the sea in close pursuit at their heels, and were precipitantly driven up again, by this new enemy, from the invasion of her possessions.

Monte Video is so called from the hill near the entrance of the harbor. It is on the eastern side, or 'Banda Oriental,' of the river. It has a good ap-

pearance from the water; but on traversing the streets, there is nothing in the buildings to interest or admire. The houses are low, covering a great extent of ground; generally two stories in front, and but one in the rear, forming a square and a court or yard, in the centre. It is strongly fortified, and the citadella or castle well garrisoned. The city is now in possession of the Portuguese. In 1813 it was taken by the Patriots, who invested it by sea and land for a long period, and cut off all supplies. The famine was at last most distressingly severe, and means at which humanity shudders, were employed to gain a pitiful morsel to protract a miserable existence. With true Spanish obduracy, they refused all terms, till they sold for food all they possessed, and parents even bargained their daughters' honor for a handful of bread. Every thing eatable, and every living animal was devoured—horses, cats and mules—and rats, with the immense numbers of which, the city was once overrun, either alive or dead, sold for a dollar each! The Patriots did not long hold possession of the city, for the Portuguese, who had always laid claim to the lower or eastern side of the river, as the southern bounds of the Brazil dominions, soon took possession of it, and are still its masters. During these occurrences, the Patriot General Artigas, of Buenos Ayres, taking offence at some measures of the government, ambitious and well informed, deserted the common cause, and crossed the river to

Colonia, where he soon mustered a formidable body of adherents, whom he urged to assert their independence of all other powers, and form a separate government, though they were before considered as equally concerned in the common cause of the country. Various detachments of troops were sent at different times from Buenos Ayres, to subject them, but without success, and but few returned. Artigas' army being all mounted, would fly when success was doubtful. Thus affairs remained till a short time since, when this people, now called *gente* of the 'Banda Oriental,' declared war against the encroaching Portuguese, and attacked Monte Video. The other provinces of the La Plata, deeply concerned in the event, and being now on good terms, assisted them, at first secretly, and at last openly, against the common enemy. The Portuguese declared war against the Patriots in toto, and the privateers of the latter will greatly annoy the Brazilian commerce, and probably be gainers by the struggle.

Ensenada is a small village, situate on the same side with Buenos Ayres, and about forty miles below. Several vessels generally lay here to take in the jerk beef, which they carry mostly to the West Indies. The manner of preparing this is simply by cutting off the flesh of the slaughtered ox, and hanging it in the air to dry. No salt is used, such is the purity of the atmosphere in this delightful climate. The entrance from the river to the village is, as before related, through narrow, winding creeks, on

the sides of which, innumerable varieties of the feathered tribe, twittering from grove to grove and from spray to spray, and expanding their brilliant plumage to the sun, pour out their melodious strains of praise to the great God of nature, whose goodness is over all, and who delights in the happiness of all his creatures. The people are sociable and kind, and fond of the company of strangers, particularly Americans, whom they often amuse by their absurd and ludicrous questions respecting the customs of other countries. The houses are low, and built of earth and cane. The villagers are of a dark complexion, but many of the women are fair and have peculiarly sweet voices.

Buenos Ayres, the capital of the provinces of the Rio de La Plata, has an ancient and gloomy appearance from the water; but the traveller, on landing, finds much to be pleased with. The streets cross each other at right angles, and are mostly paved, with good side-walks. A street runs along the beach, parallel with the river, nearly the whole extent of the city, from which there is nothing to shade the prospect of the pedestrian, who can enjoy, in his early rambles, the pure and balmy breath of the morning, (which are here, in this southern latitude, particularly fine) and behold the great king of day rising in the east, as from the bed of the ocean. At the edge of the water, and below the banks, he may see, too, from the earliest dawn till noon, an immense number of black washer wo-

men, who line the whole extent of the shore, for all the washing is performed in this manner. They bring down upon their heads, large trays of clothing to the river, and select a hole or natural excavation in the tuskers of sand, which the ebbing tide has filled with water, and which is covered with grass; and kneeling upon the ground, with their pipes or cigars in their mouths, commence their labor, which is by beating instead of rubbing. They are, however, called excellent in their business, and clean clothing is considered by all ranks as an indispensable requisite.

During the warm months of summer, it is the practice in which all ranks partake, to enjoy, after a sultry and dusty day, the charming refreshment of bathing. From an hour before sunset till dark, may be seen, in the place before occupied by the washers, a mixed multitude of many hundreds of both sexes, and of all classes and ages, old men and children, young men and maidens, promiscuously, and apparently with much pleasure, performing their daily and healthy ablutions.

But start not my fair reader! Though this mixed assemblage, so employed, would appear to the refined citizen of the north to savor of a want of propriety, yet this luxury is enjoyed without any deviation from decency or good breeding. Such is the force of custom. Whole families, even the clergyman, with his household, come down and enter the water together. ' The females of all ranks generally form separate parties, and are each attended

to the water side by a female slave, who carries a change of dress and a bathing habit. Then seated on the grass and enveloped in a sheet, they disrobe beneath their ample covering, slip on the *camisa*, and trip into the water. There is no appearance of impropriety, but all seem only bent on refreshing themselves, and improving this ready and cheap bath, after the heat and the dust of the day. Let the following anecdote corroborate. I was one afternoon, after my disaster, indulging in my favorite recreation of swimming, at a time when the tide was fast flowing and the waves beating to the shore. I had reached some distance from the beach, and had gained and stood resting upon a small eminence at the bottom, with my head only above water. I was desirous of trying my former feats under water, and partly forgetting my disabled leg, I plunged beneath the surface and swam a great distance farther from the bank. On rising, I perceived the tide was fast conveying me up the river, and it would require my strongest efforts to recover the shore, for the waves ran quick and short. I wanted breath, and on the ability of my lame limb I had placed too much dependence. I attempted in vain to reach the Mole Head, and the lone sentry at the end stood wondering at the motions of an object so far within the stream. Finding my situation extremely hazardous, and wishing no impediment, I stripped off my nankin pantaloons, threw them to the waves behind me, and made a last, anxious and

resolute push to the land. I succeeded so far as to reach a tusker or sand bank, at the bottom, and on tiptoe I could keep my chin above water; and balancing myself to the undulating swell of the waves, I sufficiently rested myself, and luckily regained my pantaloons, which came drifting along by me. Taking a leg of this garment in my teeth, I ventured another stretch, which brought me breast high on the sand. I there drew on my covering; and searched along for my dress. Various groups had assembled on the beach during my aquatic excursion, and I was concerned for the loss of my clothes. A black, female slave at last came towards me, whose mistress she said had sent her to inform me that 'she had removed my articles of dress higher up the banks, to a safe deposite, as the rise of the tide had threatened to sweep them away.' I sent back for answer, that 'I felt infinitely obliged to her, and would cheerfully, on a similar occasion, reciprocate the favor.'

At the extremity of the city, on an elevated plain, is the Plaza de los Toros, in the midst of which appears a vast amphitheatre for exhibiting the barbarous amusement, or rather cruel spectacle, of a Bull Bait. These take place in summer, of the afternoons of Sundays, and sometimes on other holidays. Their description must be shocking to the feelings, but the relation of the revolting scenes certainly may be perused, when many of the softer sex are there the applauding witnesses.

The bulls are taken from the wild herds in the interior, and they capture those of the most fierce and wild character; in other words, those that will give the most sport. These are driven by force and stratagem into the adjoining stables, where their natural ferocity is increased for several days, by starving and goading, and otherwise tormenting them.

These exhibitions are generally fully attended, and by a third part ladies. The circular and rising seats of this amphitheatre, will contain and will afford an equal view of the fight to ten or twelve thousand. On one of these sights, I remember to have seen ten bulls, six horses and one human being killed, and another wounded, in the space of three hours.

‘Every thing being ready, the bulls remained to be driven across the area from the stables where they were, to a smaller stable behind the amphitheatre, where each was to be kept apart. The first stable was not far from the amphitheatre, and a wall of boards six feet high was put up the whole way the bulls were to pass. At a quarter past four the ten bulls were let into the area, in order to be put into the stables at the opposite door; a man on foot led a tame ox, which had been bred with the bulls, before, to decoy them into these: they followed the ox very quietly; but they do not always do so. The three horsemen placed themselves at some distance, one on each side of, and the other opposite to the door at which the bull was to enter;



the tap of a drum was the signal to let a bull in, and the man who opened the door got behind it immediately.

During this last quarter of an hour the bulls had been teased by pricking them in the backs; this is done by persons placed on the ceiling of the stables, which was low, and consisted only of a plank laid here and there, and between those planks was space enough to use any instrument for that purpose. The bulls were distinguished by a small knot of ribbon fixed to their shoulders, the different colors of which shew where they were bred, which is known by the advertisements.

The bull made at the first horseman, who received him on the point of the spear, held in the middle tight to his side, and passing under his arm pit, which making a wide gash in the bull's shoulder, occasioned him to draw back, the blood running in torrents; the force with which the bull ran at the man, was so great, that the shock had nearly over-set him and his horse. It was then another man's turn to wound the bull, as only one is to cope with it at a time. They are never allowed to attack the bull, but must wait the animal's approach. The bull trotted into the middle of the area, and stared about, frightened by the clapping and hallooing of the multitude. The man on horseback always facing the beast, and turning when it turned; it then ran at the horse, and got another wound in the breast, and a third from the next horseman it attacked. It

was now become mad with pain, the blood issuing from its mouth in streams, and faintness made it stagger; its eyes 'flashed fury,' it pawed up the ground, and lashed its sides with its tail; its breath was impetuously discharged like smoke from its nostrils, so that its head appeared as if in a mist. A drum then sounded, which was a signal for the horsemen to retire; and the men on foot began their attack, sticking barbed darts into every part of its body; the torture they inflicted made the bull leap from the ground, and run furiously at one of the men, who jumped aside; the bull then turned to another man, who had just stuck a dart into his back; the man took to his heels, and leaped over the rails, where he was safe; in this manner all the men continued tormenting the bull, who could hardly stand through loss of blood. The drum then sounded again, upon which the matador appeared, with a cloak extended on a short stick in his left hand, and in his right a two-edged sword, the blade of which was flat, four inches broad, and a yard long; he stood still, and at the moment the bull in the agonies of despair and death, made at him, he plunged the sword into the spine behind the beast's horns, which instantly made it drop down dead. If the matador misses his aim, and cannot defend himself with the cloak, he loses his life, as the bull exerts all its remaining strength with an almost inconceivable fury. The dead bull was immediately dragged out of the area by three

horses on a full gallop, whose traces were fastened to its horns. A quarter of an hour was elapsed, which is the time allowed for the murder of each bull, five minutes to the horsemen, five to the footmen, and five to the slayer.

Another bull was then let in; this was the wildest and most furious of any I ever saw. The horseman missed his aim, and the bull thrust his horns into the horse's belly, making the bowels hang out; the horse became ungovernable, so that the man was obliged to dismount and abandon it to the bull, who pursued it round the area, till the horse fell and expired. Four other horses were successively killed by this bull, which till then, had only received slight wounds, though one of the horses had kicked its jaw to pieces. One of the horsemen broke his spear in the bull's neck, and horse and rider fell to the ground; the rider broke his leg, and was carried off. The footmen then fell to work again, and afterwards the metador put an end to the life of this valiant animal, whose strength and courage were unavailing to save it. The third bull killed two horses, goring them under the belly, so that the intestines hung trailing on the ground. The seventh bull likewise killed two horses. In this manner were ten bulls massacred, and the whole concluded in two hours and a half. The bull's flesh was immediately sold to the populace at ten quartos per pound, which is about three pence.

When the last bull had been sufficiently wounded

by the horsemen, the mob were allowed to enter the area; they attacked the bull on all sides, and killed it with their knives and daggers. The bull sometimes tosses some of these fellows over its head.'

It should be remembered that in the interior, around the circle, are double walls of oak, with sally ports to the inner one, and a passage way between them of three feet wide. These apertures are sufficient to admit a man, but the *thro* cannot enter. Through these, when hotly pursued, the gladiator will escape, and the bull vents his rage on the impregnable walls.

A powerful black bull was now let in, and made instantly and without a stop, at the horseman, who stood ready, twenty feet from the door, with his spear firmly balanced and pointed to receive him. The aim was true, but the point struck a bone, which threw the horse upon his hind legs, and a lance twelve feet long, of an arm's thickness, was shattered to pieces. The furious animal directly pursued his advantage, and the horse was overthrown, with the rider underneath him, whose case was at this time extremely dangerous. Generally, at the first wound of the spear, the bull will turn off in another direction; but when they push on, as those of a savage nature sometimes will, the horse is thrown to the ground, and the spearman's situation is, of course, very perilous. Such was the wonderful strength of the bull in this case, that the

struggling horse was lifted free from the ground by the surprising power of his enemy's horns, apparently with the ease that an apple might be raised by a fork. With difficulty, however, the rider extricated himself, and attempted to fly. The gladiators on foot ran to his rescue, and attempted, with their bright colored mantles, to draw off the beast and divert him from his purpose; but mad with rage, and scorning their efforts, he jumped across the prostrate horse, (drawing out his horns from his body) and quickly pursued his biped foe. The latter strained every nerve to reach the port-hole, and one head was even within it, but the horns of his pursuer were the next instant in his ribs, and he was impaled against the wall. He was an old man, of a dreadful, cruel and relentless countenance; had committed many unprovoked murders, and was once condemned to be shot; but he chose rather to hazard his life weekly against wild beasts in the ring, and at last, having been twenty years so perilously employed, was thus killed by a brute of a nature nearly akin to his own.

At any feat of dexterity from the gladiator, handfuls of dollars are sometimes thrown by the rich spectators, which he deliberately picks up and pockets, amid the shouts of 'bravo!' and the waving of handkerchiefs.

A party will sometimes be seated and regaling themselves at a table opposite the doors in the lists, and a bull will be let out upon them, at which they

take to flight, with their bottles; except one bold fellow, who leaps from the table, vaulting over the bull's horns, and lights straddling upon his back, facing his tail, while chairs, table, &c., are tossed about his head. At other times, a solitary fighter will be stationed on one knee, a few feet from the entrance, with a short thick pike, very sharp, pointed toward the door, with the butt end firmly fixed in the ground, and wait the victim's approach. This is the most ready way of death; for the bull, driving at the object, makes fiercely for the recumbent and watchful foe, but drops before he reaches him, for the pike head is buried in his brain. But enough has been said of such heart-hardening scenes.

We will now turn to a custom of less savage, and of a wholly different character—to the three holidays, (which they zealously celebrate) called the time of 'Carnival.' On these days, all business is suspended, and woe to the landed stranger, of whatever rank, who shall attempt to pass through the streets of the city. The flat and low roofs of the houses, are thronged with the women, whose slaves have provided them with a large supply of water in tubs, and with which they inundate the luckless passenger below. The field officer on horseback, and the poor *paysano* from the country, share alike the effects of their deluging streams—the horsemen will by speed attempt to escape the shower; but tubs are emptied far in advance, from the watchful throng above, in quick succession.

The men are no less busy in the streets, annoying the other sex, who are frequently pursued even to their inner chambers. No offence can be or must be taken, and no redress may be expected for mischief done.

Many of the boys get a few rials, by the carrying about in baskets and vending of egg shells, filled with scented water and closed with wax, which the men buy and pocket, and pelt every female with them, who inconsiderately exposes herself to their attacks. On a time like this, I once saw from my lodgings, a party of a dozen, who assailed a house a short distance below, on the opposite side of the street. The windows have iron gratings from top to bottom, by means of which, a person can ascend and scale the walls and gain the roof. A part of these sporters made this attempt, while the women on the terrace, assisted by their slaves, discharged their torrents and poured a flood on the heads of the besiegers. They at last gained the terrace, and the women fled to their lower apartments, pursued by the enemy. Here they made a stand and beseeched their invaders to proceed no farther, and appealed to the honor and generosity of cavaleros, not to invade the privacy of a lady's chamber. The appeal was effective, and they instantly desisted and turned to retire; but seeing the enemy's magazines of water in large, low hogsheads, and the slaves who had so obstinately repulsed them standing near, they could not resist the temptation, and siezing

at once the screaming blacks, they deliberately plunged them headlong into the vessels, and made a speedy retreat.

The Theatre is a low and miserable looking edifice, (though a new one was remaining unfinished) and the performers at a par with the building. It is, however, well attended, and the second or upper range of seats is filled wholly with women. The prompter's head appears from an aperture in the centre of the stage, with a lamp before him, and whose voice is as audible as the players, who repeat after him. I went once to see Shakspeare murdered, and a scene in the afterpiece furnished a circumstance that will afford a finishing picture to this brief outline. The farce was called the 'Haunted House,' the possessor of which wished to get rid of his nocturnal and troublesome visitors. He had summoned a procession of the holy order to purify the premises; but the number of players, otherwise fully engaged, being too small for this purpose, they hit upon a very ready though *outré* expedient to supply the deficiency. The church of San Domingo stood on the opposite corner, and application was there made, upon the pinch, for a supply of its disciples, and a dozen were engaged at a rial a piece. These shortly appeared upon the stage, in *propria persona*, with belt and hood, and holy water, which they sprinkled profusely around, chaunting '*Anda te diablo.*'

There is a conveyance—a clumsy vehicle, drawn



by six horses—which leaves here once a month for Chili, proceeding as far as the foot of the Andes. Here, leaving their horses, the travellers are obliged to mount on mules, as being more sure footed than horses, and the passages over the mountains are, at certain places, narrow and dangerous. The mule only can be here rode with safety, on account of the narrow passages winding along the sides of these stupendous mountains. The astonished traveller, when traversing along this ridge of frightful precipices, beholds with dismay the yawning chasms beneath him, where the least mis-step would infallibly and irrecoverably plunge him in the fearful abyss below. He follows, in breathless silence, the slow and steady motions of his guide, who directs him to slack his reins, to preserve perfect silence, to leave the beast to its own guidance, and even if tottering with dizziness, to close his eyes. These injunctions need no repetition. Sometimes, in the lower places, in thick and misty weather, the guides will lose the track and wander till they regain it several days in the snow. This a Dutch captain once told me was his case, and he was much harrassed by the hard riding, and sick even at the sight of a horse. The passage is generally performed in about twenty days, and the distance from Buenos Ayres to St. Jago or Lima, is about four hundred leagues.

During the war with the royalists in the interior, the Buenos Ayrean troops gained many important victories. On these occasions the public square was splendidly decorated, having arches formed of large

trees, and on the branches in the centre of each of these, were suspended lamps, and all the verdant pillars were profusely supplied with large wax candles, of a yard in length and of an arm's thickness, as well as the monument in the centre, which, when lighted in the evening, produce the brilliancy of a noon-day blaze.

A large platform was erected on one of these occasions, in the midst of the square, and a grand dance performed by a volunteer party of young gentlemen, who were arrayed in the fashion of the native Peruvians, having a flesh colored velvet dress, with a band of large variegated feathers around their heads, and another about the loins. They went through the evolutions with much grace and received great applause. The music was by a superior band, which was placed on an elevated station a short distance from them.

Horses, bullocks, dogs and sheep, in these vast regions, run wild, in immense flocks and herds. The swine are of small size, and always black. The hunters, at certain seasons, form parties to procure the hides and tallow of the wild cattle, and leave the carcasses to be devoured by the dogs.

These latter animals abound here in infinite variety and numbers. Here may be seen the bull dog, mastiff, pointer, water dog, terrier, spaniel, butcher, shepherd, and ship dog, and sometimes all in a company together. Some of them are of formidable size, and often dangerous to the traveller, as I once experienced..

On a lovely morning—during my lameness—in the month of February, which is, in this latitude, mid-summer, I took my fowling piece, and at day break sauntered along the river side after game. Before the sun rises, ducks are often plenty about the little ponds at the extremity of the city. I wanted to try my gun, and a drove of horses passing slowly along enabled me to approach within shot of a couple of large birds, like cranes, which were stalking about in the water. I fired and killed one and wounded the other, who made off with his broken wing into the water, and the dead one I drew up on the beach and hid him in the grass, resolving to take him on my return. He measured nearly five feet high, his legs being two feet long, of a bright red; his neck was very long, and his body covered with beautiful snow white plumage. Proceeding, I found the ducks were, at this time, unusually shy, and I had got but half a dozen. I then put in a heavier charge and larger shot, in hopes of touching a group of swans which I saw in a small pond far ahead, but could not get near them, and the sun being now up, I resolved to strike across the fields and gain the high road to the city, from which I had wandered nearly two miles. In passing through some olive trees, I was started by a rustling noise on my left, which caused me to turn round, when I saw a large dog cutting through the bushes, open mouthed, towards me! As I knew I must fight, for I could not run, I grounded the

breech of my gun, and in an erect and steady attitude, hoping to dismay him, awaited his coming up. He soon did so, making directly towards me, and trying, with great ferocity, to get a bite at my leg behind. This I found he soon would succeed in, and with a quick movement I altered my position, and bending down, presented my piece with the muzzle to his head, and following him round as he endeavored to get behind me, he being within a few inches, I hastily cocked and fired. He received in his shoulder the whole charge of swan shot, yet desisted not. Seizing then the barrel, I gave him a blow with the butt of the gun, and forced him to yield, when he set up a yell, and went howling upon three legs. I instantly began to reload, for I saw a second dog, equally formidable, approaching at full speed, to assist his companion. The latter luckily fell down as the second dog reached him, who smelt for a moment about his prostrate comrade, then turned tail and retreated.

The milk is brought in and cried about the city by country boys, from seven to fourteen years old, on horseback, who have a peculiar song of their own, which I never could interpret, by which they give notice of their approach. The milk is contained in earthen jugs, placed in panniers made of hide, on each side of the horse, holding three jugs each. Notwithstanding the infinity of horses, I never saw a mare in the streets of Buenos Ayres; and a person riding one would be subject to derision

and abuse, as much as if he were mounted on a cow, mares being kept only for breeding. Horses may here be bought from one to twenty dollars, but mules are much more valuable—not for being less plenty, but because they are more difficult to tame, and are truly of a most perverse and obstinate nature. They are sometimes exported to the Cape of Good Hope.

A vessel at sea had once a cargo of these beasts on board, when a violent storm arose, in which they broke from their fasts in the hold and ascended upon deck; here they fell to kicking and biting, and drove the mariners aleft, and the man at the helm also fled. The bark carried away her masts, and every thing threatened a wreck. At last, by the help of some spars, they succeeded in pushing a dozen of their mad passengers overboard; and driving the rest below, regained command of the ship, and put back for repairs.

Leopards, lions and wild cats are plenty, but I do not think their natures so savage as those of Africa. The leopards, which they call *figres*, are very large, and their beautiful skins are sold very cheap.

The ostriches are very strong birds, and will ride a stout boy on their backs. They eat the most indigestive substances, such as iron, stone and wood. They are a coarse and dirty looking bird, and those bright and tasty feathers they afford, are plucked from their tails, where the long ones only grow.

Fruits of many kinds are plenty, especially mel-

ons, grapes and peaches. These, as well as every thing else in this most fertile country, are cultivated with little labor, and the soil, I believe, would produce, in abundance and perfection, every thing desired, if the natives were not too careless and indolent to bestow an effort to cultivate them. This indolence, it has been said, may be attributed to this very fertility of soil and softness of climate, and as the earth here gives her increase without much labor, they have not the necessity for toil as those of a less yielding and more rocky region.

The general character of the people of these vast provinces is mild and peaceable; they are rather indolent, but hospitable in the extreme. They are incessant smokers, and fond of a sip from a gourd shell of the favorite *yerba*, rather than the stronger liquors. This *yerba* is an indispensable beverage with all ranks, and is instantly made by merely pouring hot water (which is ever at hand) to the *matte*, in the shell. They suck this very hot, through a tube. This liquor is always offered to visitors, and passed and repassed from guest to guest.

The women are generally below the usual stature, with expressive black eyes, black hair, flute-like voices, and dress and walk when abroad with much circumspection, and flirt the fan—their constant appendage—with exquisite grace and skill. The complexions of some are tinged; but many, as I before observed, are extremely fair; and some, I have thought, approached, in form and feature, the

nearest to the perfection of beauty of any I had ever seen. The country girls smoke cigars, and all the sex are extremely fond of flowers, which they rear in great profusion and in infinite variety. On entering the hospitable and social dwellings of the farmers, the *matte* cup, the cigar and a bunch of flowers, are always presented. They are remarkably temperate, and I have often seen the teamsters at a *pulperia* or shop, passing around a single glass of *aguadente*, or rum, which they would leisurely sip, and which was amply sufficient for half a dozen men.

The country carts, in which they transport their produce from the interior, deserve notice. They are the most awkward, heavy and singular vehicles ever seen; and one of them passing through our streets, would attract as much notice as a moving menagerie. The cart is, in fact, about the height of a two story house, the sides and roof formed of flags and cane, but the bottom of hard and solid wood, which, with the wheels, are monstrously clumsy. On the front part of the wagon, under the arched roof, in an elevated station, sits the driver. Over his head is suspended and poised, a stout pole, of great length, which extends from the cart to the foremost of the six yoke of oxen; the end of this is spear-pointed, and by moving the inner end, he can touch and guide the leading yoke. In his hand he holds a shorter pole, also pointed, with which he governs the nearer cattle. Lashed on with hide

strings, at the tail of the cart, is a large earthen jar, of twenty gallons, to contain water. Thus furnished, the machine moves at a slow pace, and as they never grease the axles, the creak of the wheels may be heard a mile distant.

When the caravan halts to encamp, they choose a vacant and convenient place, and making a fire, prepare for supper. They drive stakes into the ground, on which, against the fire, they stretch a piece of beef to roast, and then squatting in a circle around, and with a kettle of matte only, thus eat their simple but plentiful meal, with great relish, without bread or salt, the remnants of which last them through the next day.

At the vesper hour in the city, at sun set, the stranger who walks the streets is amazed at the sudden and simultaneous stop of the passing multitude at the solemn toll of the bell. Looking around him, he sees each uncovered passenger standing like a statue, and every sound is hushed to silence.

In passing a church, all ranks lift the hat; even the milk boy, and the abovementioned wagoner, will simultaneously raise his *sombrero*.

Another equally superstitious and universal custom deserves a passing notice. I was once, on a fine afternoon, about sun set, seated at an extensive table, in the spacious court yard of a coffee house, amidst a vast number of officers, priests, and citizens, partaking of a cup of their excellent *café solo*, when suddenly was heard, at a distance, the tinkling



of a small bell, of a well known and peculiar sound. Every one present, even to the waiters, hastily left their seats, and thronging to the doors and windows, fell upon their knees and awaited the approach of the sacred host. A heavy, old fashioned coach, profusely gilt, drawn by four mules, soon slowly appeared, surrounded with a guard of four soldiers. When abreast of the prostrate devotees, they all fell to crossing themselves and repeating the *pater noster*. This venerable carriage contains a holy father, who goes to administer the sacrament of extreme unction to some departing catholic. Frequently in passing the street, I have been obliged, at the sound of this revered bell, to step over the heads of the kneeling group at the door, and retreat from the indignity of kneeling to an old coach and half starved mules. Obedience to this rite, even from strangers, is rigidly enforced; and an English naval captain, in full dress for a ball, was once compelled to get upon his knees, and arose vowing vengeance and leaving his scented cambric handkerchief in the mud.

There is a nunnery of a very strict order in the lower part of the city, and I once had lodgings within the sound of its midnight bell, whose solemn toll, at the dead hour of twelve, summoned the inmates to their nightly devotions.

The ceremony of taking the veil is extremely impressive and affecting. The individual, I believe, has her own unbiassed choice, in thus retreating

from the world, and the motives probably are loss of friends, unhappy attachments, or, perhaps, a melancholy disposition. The parent or guardian pays a large sum to the institution, and the applicant is admitted on trial. At the expiration of this term, if she still resolves to embrace this solitary life, she confirms her purpose in the assembled church, by taking the veil.

In one case, a modest young creature, about the age of sixteen, interesting, beautiful, and just blooming into womanhood, was presented to the gaze of the spectators, and appeared to attest to this mournful resolution. As her attendants unbound her hair, and the ample tresses fell upon her shoulders, and the profusion of jetty ringlets were severed from her reclining and finely formed head, there arose in the mind a throb of painful feeling, from the contemplation that this fair being was about taking a last look at the bright scenes around her, and that such youth and beauty should be immured for life within the cold walls of a convent, and the ends of creation be thus perverted by the iron sway of tyrant custom.

These absurd ceremonies are derived from the all pervading influence of the priests, who blind the eyes of the people, and strive to keep them in ignorance and error. Even the blessing and privilege of possessing and reading the bible is denied them; indeed, but few of the lower class can read at all.

To keep up their power, the priests use every

means to prevent the spread of knowledge; for full well they know, that should the minds of the people be enlightened, common sense would prevail, and they would awake to their impositions, and throw off the debasing yoke of superstition; and priestcraft would expire.

The multitude of padres, priests, friars, *clerigos* and church dependents, is incredible, and compose a large portion of the population. They may be seen in all places, with full, contented faces, under their broad brimmed hats, revered and bowed to by all; living upon the fat of the land, and one may enter without ceremony all parts of any house at any hour, without fear of interruption, on leaving his hat and cane in the passage—'he is confessing the females, and must not be disturbed.'

There is one of the canine species here, as also in Brazil, of a mouse color and without hair! At Ensenada, I saw one of this kind; he was full grown, though not larger than a rat. His body was of a jet black, with a shining, smooth skin, without hair or even down, excepting at the tip of his tail and on the crown of his head. He was of a perfect and handsome form, nimble in his motions, and would bark and play with the manners of a lady's lap dog. I regretted that I could not obtain him, for I considered him a very curious animal.

Fish in great plenty swarm in the river, and are some of them of a beautiful appearance. In the market, some may be seen for sale, four feet long,

with gold colored scales, some of a silvery hue, and a great variety of other kinds, of which, a species of fresh water cat fish are the most numerous, and the cheapest.

Beef is sold without weighing, often at seventy five cents per quarter; and a whole sheep, ready dressed, for twenty five cents!

The slaves are always well used and fed, and the majority appear to be as much at leisure, and full as happy as their masters.

In the warm months of summer, between the hours of two and four, a person may walk through the city and not meet any moving object, a death-like stillness pervading the once bustling and crowded streets. From the scorching rays of a verticle sun, they retire to the recesses and shades, to enjoy, in the arms of Morpheus, their favorite *siesta*, or afternoon nap. At this time, none but dogs and Englishmen, they say, (by which term they mean all foreigners) are to be seen in the streets. The shutters of the shops and houses are closed; the muleteers and *peones* are snoring under the piazzas, and the dogs are stretched out under cover; while the shopkeeper is sleeping on his counter, and the drayman under the shadow of his cart. I have said they are *enjoying* their siesta, but there is one drawback upon their comfort—*fleas*!—which here abound in numbers without number. The habitations having all brick floors, afford ample retreats for these formidable disturbers of dreams.

The *paysanos* are wonderfully expert on horseback; yet having for a saddle, only a few pieces of square cloth and leather, and triangular wooden stirrups, with green hide straps, into which they hook the great toe. Their method of catching the wild cattle is very dexterous and singular. They are provided with *lassos*, which is a strip of hide line thirty feet long, with an iron ring and noose at one end, and the other secured to the saddle, at the side of which the coil is suspended. Having selected an animal from the herd, the *guacha* takes the coil in his hand, and swinging it fairly around his head a few times, still in chase, throws out the noose with surprising good aim, the distance of twenty feet, which falls over the bullock's head, and turning his horse, draws tight and secures him by his horns; another hunter in the rear then throws a second noose, which entraps his hind legs, and by pulling in opposite directions, the bull is easily overthrown.

The *estancias*, or large farms, in the interior, are very productive and profitable, and the fertility of the soil and the salubrity of the climate, in these provinces, render the profession of the physician little room for active service.

To conclude—the people, by which I mean the middling and higher classes, are of amiable dispositions, strong natural sense, eager for information, and ardent lovers of liberty; highly honoring their military chieftains, and often speaking with enthusiastic pride of the heroic and beloved Bolivar.

The march of mind, in these vast territories, must keep pace with the rapid strides of liberty, and truth and knowledge will ultimately prevail over despotism and superstition. Living in this delightful clime, and possessing this fruitful soil, with their devoted love of country, and their ardent thirst for knowledge, the speculative and contemplative mind of the philosopher and philanthropist may look forward—piercing the veil of futurity—and behold the native of Paraguay and the rough Patagonian, enjoying with the Chilian and the Peruvian, the invaluable blessing of an enlightened government; and tribes yet unknown, filling, at the sound of the Sabbath bell, the consecrated temples of the Most High.

Far in the west, beneath auspicious skies,  
In fertile vales, see mighty nations rise!  
Where the stain'd savage chas'd the bounding deer,  
See crowded marts and towering spires appear.  
In eastern climes, though freedom's torch expires,  
Here it shall flame, and still increase its fires.  
On fam'd Parnassus, tho' extinct her light,  
It proudly burns on Chimborazo's height.  
Sad Greece! with foes in fearful odds at bay,  
While christian nations doubt to join the fray,  
And friends forsake, nor prayers nor valor heed—  
(Shame to their souls!)—in this thy utmost need.  
Yet courage, Greece! thy cherish'd name shall live,  
And in its ancient glory shall revive;  
Yes! freedom's car o'er every realm shall roll,  
And spread her choicest gifts from pole to pole;  
Oppression's chains to endless night be hurl'd,  
And INDEPENDENCE crown a smiling world!





